

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
ORIGINAL POEMS,  
Essays *and* Epistles.

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By JOHN WERGE, A.B. K

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Dr. CORNEWALL TATHWELL,

Physician at STAMFORD.

S I R,

**I** Have for some years wish'd to erect a monument of gratitude to that disinterested friendship of yours, which, joined to your indefatigable care and great skill in your profession, began by preserving my wife, to the surprize of some eminent in the faculty, and perfectly recovering her beyond the most sanguine hopes of all about her, and has since been continued on many occasions, and very warmly exerted on my behalf; but till the publication of the following Sheets, I have never met with a suitable opportunity. As I am sensible this address will surprize you, I am conscious it demands an apology, but as it is not an offering to the shrine of flattery, methinks that ceremony is less absolutely requisite. Was I dispos'd to follow the beaten track of dedication, perhaps I could boast as ample a field to expatiate in, as any of my brethren; but the features of the  
mind

## DEDICATION.

*mind are too delicate for my touch, and would at once expose the defect of my hand, and injure the original portrait. Like the painter of old then, I shall throw a veil over those beauties which baffle my pen, and perhaps gain an encomium of judgment for what in reality is the defect of my art.*

*Whether these sheets will survive to posterity is with me a doubt; for as they are only the fruit of a juvenile fancy, like immature productions of nature, they want that mellow flavour requisite to recommend them to refined tastes. But to me that is of small moment; for it will gratify my utmost wishes, if they only demonstrate to the present generation my gratitude for your favours, and convince you how sincerely I speak when I profess myself with the greatest esteem,*

S I R,

Your most obliged,

And most obedient Servant,

JOHN WERGE.

London,

May 10, 1753.





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The candid Reader is desired to correct some  
 Errata in the following Manner.

PAGE 22. l. 3. read *along*. P. 38. l. 22.  
 r. Or. P. 56. l. 9. for *interrupted*, r. *unmo-*  
*lest*. P. 59. l. 11. r. *How can I you will say.*  
*Ibid.* 13. r. *How am I then a queen?* P. 79. l.  
 6. r. after *times*: a colon, & dele and. P. 82.  
 l. 6. r. *till* it becomes. P. 116. l. 7. r. *impositi-*  
*ons*. P. 172. l. 27. r. *external*. P. 195. Not. d.  
 point at *audes*. P. 202. l. 7. r. *may* end. P.  
 255. l. 3. r. *Ross*? P. 277. l. 17. d. *am*. P.  
 283. l. 12 and 24. r. *Dr. Brookes*. P. 288.  
 Not. r. CHARLES BROOME. P. 229. l. 25. r.  
*versifiers*.

Some few others are too inconsiderable to  
 alter the sense.

—————

( 1 )

**AN**  
**IRREGULAR ODE,**  
**ON THE**  
**OMNIPOTENCE**  
**AND**  
**MERCY**  
**OF**  
**G O D.**

**S**EE through th' immense æthereal World,  
Millions of flaming Luminaries hurl'd ;  
Stupendous each, yet each how small !  
An Atom when comparatively seen ;  
When measur'd with the boundless whole,  
The infinite, the inconceivable Machine !

A

But say, how great that all-creating Power  
 Who bid the complicated System rise?  
 Bid Anarch *Chaos* rule no more  
 With intricate Perplexities.  
 How great? when lo! observant of his will,  
 Confusion ceas'd, and Anarchy stood still!

Vast, and beyond the comprehensive thought  
 Of man, with ev'ry heavenly Blessing fraught  
 He pour'd the Sun's congenial ray;  
 He will'd, th' amazing work was done,  
 From darkness sprung the glorious day,  
 From night th' invigorating Sun.  
 From east to west he roll'd his living beam,  
 And all creation wanton'd in the gleam.

He bid the vollyed thunder dreadful roll,  
 And dart it's forked flames from pole to pole,  
 To stamp a terror on the mind,  
 And teach mankind how much they owe  
 To God, unutterably kind,  
 The source of ev'ry joy, the balm of ev'ry woe.



That God ! for ever good, for ever kind,  
 Effential life, and uncreated mind,  
 Who bid from time's exhaustless womb  
 Eternity of blessings rise ;  
 Bid virtue lovely cherub come,  
 And show'r those blessings on the wise.  
 Bid warring elements compose their strife,  
 And stubborn atoms soften into Life.

And yet rebellious to his mild command,  
 Ripe to revolt the hostile Nations stand ;  
 With efforts impotent as age,  
 With Sin from Hell's enormous womb,  
 They wake th' Almighty's dreadful rage,  
 And forcibly extort their doom.  
 He spake, the Heavens obedient pour their store,  
 And whelm the world in one tremendous show'r.  
 But soon compassion touch'd his melting breast,  
 The sympathizing Parent stood confest ;  
 When strait another world arose,  
 Another day it's splendors gave,  
 To heal those lamentable woes,  
 Which sunk the former to the grave.  
 The glorious rays of revelation shone,  
 Which far eclips'd the bright meridian Sun.

Hence flow'd that golden everlasting ray,  
 Which speeds men onward to eternal day ;  
 That mild ineffable decree,  
 The living sunshine of the breast,  
 Which only wills us to obey,  
 Then bids us be for ever blest :  
 Which hails us onward to those realms of joy,  
 Where sorrows wound not, nor endearments  
 cloy.

Where-ever virtue rolls it's dimpling stream,  
 There Pleasure darts it's amicable beam ;  
 Together knit by bonds of love,  
 These twins from Heaven united came ;  
 In constant unison they move,  
 Their interest and their end the same :  
 Nor that e'er pour'd it's beauties to the day,  
 But this attendant gilds them with it's ray.

Round *Perfia's* tawney Emperors superb,  
 Magnificently robed in purple garb,  
 The flaming ruby sheds it's rays ;  
 The Virgins swell melodious song,  
 The beaming Di'mond spreads it's blaze,  
 Applause is paid by every tongue :  
 To make them happy in their pomp of woe,  
 But ah ! how vain the impotence of shew.

No — 'tis obedience to those mild decrees,  
 Whose ways are pleasantness, whose paths are  
 peace ;  
 'Tis this that gives the home-felt joy,  
 That softens every anxious care ;  
 'Tis this that stops the labouring sigh,  
 And wipes the tender melting tear.  
 Obey ; and no bleak storm's unruly pow'r  
 Can cloud thy sun, 'till time shall be no more.



*La Belle Sauvage.*

Wrote in *Wiltshire* about the Year 1744.

'T WAS, when or where I need not say,  
*Venus* slipt down incognita.

Poets and Painters she was told,  
 Had with her Person made too bold ;  
 Each drew the Goddess to his fancy,  
 Like *Charlotte* this, and that like *Nancy*.

" Tho' near you miss the mark, she cry'd,

" I'll shew you an unerring guide.

Then to a cot she bent her way,  
 Wherein a smiling infant lay ;  
 In her own mould she form'd the face,  
 'Till it reflected ev'ry grace.

She saw the dawn of Beauty rise,  
 And sweetness sparkle in her eyes ;

Whilst tender sense, to charm the soul,

Diffus'd a softness o'er the whole.

Beneath her hands the likeness grew,

'Till *Cupid's* self proclaim'd it true.

Then sent her forth each heart to ravage,

And nam'd the dear destroyer SAVAGE.

## The HAPPY PAIR.

**S**EE in yonder chequer'd grove,  
 Sacred to the Queen of love,  
*Damon* and his *Phyllis* sporting;  
*Phyllis* and her *Damon* courting.  
*Damon* happy in possessing,  
*Damon* blest, and *Phyllis* blessing.  
 See her lean upon his neck;  
 See him press her damask cheek:  
 Hand in hand they mutual joyn,  
 I am thine, and thou art mine.  
 Thro' the mazy walk of life,  
 Checquer'd o'er with care and strife,  
 We each other will attend,  
 Be each other's faithful friend:  
 While remote from noise and folly,  
 And dejected melancholy,  
 In a peaceful straw-thatch'd cott,  
 The world forgetting, and forgot,  
 Pleasure's radiant sun shall shine,  
 Rich with blessings, thine and mine.  
 While each dawning day shall rise,  
 Beaming forth celestial joys;  
 Joys which brighter bloom display  
 Than the brilliant Di'mond's ray;  
 Joys which Heaven on us will pour,  
 'Till life's too fleeting scene is o'er.

On the first hearing a YOUNG LADY  
sing with her Harpsicord.

*Song charms the Sense, and Eloquence the Soul.*

MILTON.

WHEN to her lyre my PHOEBE sung,  
My heart on each sweet accent hung;  
A Voice so sweet, a face so fair,  
That all my soul was eye and ear.  
And 'tho' she ceas'd to play or sing,  
My fancy still was on the wing,  
I saw her, and I heard methought  
Still warbling each enchanting note.

But 'tho' our ears your musick charms,  
Our hearts, my fair, your beauty warms;  
Wit gives your voice superior grace,  
And virtue consecrates your face.

Blest with so many joys in store,  
The brightest nymph could wish no more;  
No more could wish the worthiest swain,  
Than all that store of joys to gain.  
Truth, harmony, and beauty meet,  
Ah love! and make the Heav'n compleat.  
In that sweet bond when charms unite,  
Each brightens each, itself more bright.

Thus the resplendent orbs on high  
Spread lustre thro' the spangled sky;  
But when we view the mingling blaze,  
We glow with rapture while we gaze.



An H Y M N  
TO  
F A N C Y.

PARENT of every dear delight,  
Propitious bend thy rapid flight,  
and join the sacred throng;  
Where *Camus*' dimpling waters glide,  
And lave his rusby fringed side,  
Immortaliz'd in song.

Deign from thy moss-clad fairy cell,  
To bring thy powerful magic spell,  
And aid the muse and me;  
While she advent'rous spreads her wing,  
And sweetly tells me how to sing,  
But chief to sing of thee.

Of thee her sole delight and mine,  
Whose power can make all joys decline,  
Make majesty a pain;  
Or who can, like th' unbounded ray  
Shot from the God that wakes the day,  
Bid pleasures rise again.

'Tis thou that giv'st to beauty charms,  
 The heaving breast, the snowy arms,  
 The lilly-painted neck ;

'Tis thou that light'st the brilliant eye,  
 Which dims the radiance of the sky ;  
 Thou paint'st the blushing cheek.

With thee the *Alps* delight bestow,  
 We're pleas'd amidst bleak *Greenland's* snow,  
 In *Thule's* farthest isle ;

With thee o'er burning sands we tread,  
 Nor gaping gulphs we fear, nor dread  
 The monsters of the *Nile*.

In black oblivion's gloomy coast,  
 Thou bid'st that bubble joy be lost,  
 And sudden horrors reign ;

Thou damp'st the pageantry of state,  
 The fleeting transports of the great,  
 And giv'st the monarch pain.

No soft delight can sooth to rest,  
 The tumults warring in his breast,  
 Or calm his labouring soul ;

The flaming ruby palid grows,  
 No more the beaming di'mond glows,  
 ARPASIA's charms appall.

In POPE's immortal lay you shine;  
Give HANDEL harmony divine,  
And GARRICK mimic art;  
You bid such strokes from HOGARTH rise,  
As ravish each beholder's eyes,  
and pierce th' enraptur'd heart.

You can, whene'er you deign, with ease  
Make smallest, lowest objects please,  
And raise the vulgar throng;  
Then deign, thou genius of my lays,  
To crown this tribute with the praise  
Of each applauding tongue.



*The* LOVER'S SPRING.

Set to Musick by Mr. *Oswald*.

**T**HE joyous birds on ev'ry spray  
Now warble forth their amorous lay;  
Each sings to gain his consort's ear,  
And all salute the new-born year.  
While bursting gems with lively green,  
Enrich afresh each verdant scene,  
New musick animates the grove,  
And ev'ry song's the voice of love.

As *Memnon* erst, the God of day,  
Awakes them with his genial ray.  
With his my *PHOEBE*'s power may vie,  
To glad the soul, and chear the eye.  
Blith as the birds, gay as the grove  
When with the charming maid I rove:  
Like it I'd look, like them I'd sing,  
Her presence only makes my spring.

*The* LOVER'S GAMMON.

**A** S FLORIO one day was sat down to Back-  
Gammon

With a pretty young lady, I won't tell the name  
on ;

Be mine the white men, cry'd the amorous  
swain,

They're most like my passion, quite free from  
all stain ;

Beside they're an emblem how time passes here,  
For the hours are all *white* when my charmer  
is near.

Whene'er the dice from her fair fingers she  
twirl'd,

She'd (what she deserves) the best luck in the  
world.

His play was all artless and plain like his love,

No wonder he made many a *blot* at each *move* ;

But she *took* him so oft, and she held him so fast,

He was sure to continue her own till the last.

Each blow made him sure, yet she doubl'd each  
blow,

"Twas Sices to Aces, she conquer'd each throw.

" I wonder how fortune can love so to teaze one "

Come to me, said the muse, and I'll tell you  
the reason.

You folks that read latin may know in a trice,  
They the Ace call'd the \* Dogstar, and † Venus the Sice.

What wonder that Venus (now these names are known)

Should so oft be with her till you took them for one.

"But why comes the Dogstar so oft to my part?"  
To point out the flame you feel glow in your heart.

Kind fortune, or rather dear nymph, change the throw,

Let me have the VENUS while you learn to glow.

Kind fortune relenting assents to my pray'r,

(Ah! could I gain that of the dear cruel fair!)

The throws are all chang'd, and I triumph in turn,

But for a more glorious triumph I burn;

The sweet kisses I got which we stak'd on each part,

'Tho' I got the sweet kisses, I lost my poor heart.

At my luck Cupid laugh'd, and cry'd don't be mistaken,

'Tho' the Gammon you've gain'd, it shall ne'er save your Bacon.

---

\* Scire erat in voto damnosa Canicula quantum,

Raderet——Per. sat. 3. l. 49.

† Vid. Kennet's antiq. — Jun. — Interp. ad Mart. 14 14.



'Tis in vain by the help of the Dice you subdue,  
She'll still be your mistress whate'er you can do.

Thus heroes of old when they'd conquer'd  
in war,

Their triumphs to damp bore a slave in their  
carr. ‡

Your vict'ry behold my fair conqu'ers compleat  
The slave and his laurels are both at your feet.

Have pity while thus at your mercy he lies,  
Chain'd fast by your sense, as pierc'd deep by  
your eyes.

To make them her own ROME encounter'd the  
brave,

Brought low to raise high, and subdu'd but to  
save.

Like her use your pow'r, our joys to improve,  
Let the course of this game, shew the course  
of my love :

Out of my heart and my peace at two *bits* I am  
cast,

But 'twou'd be a fine *Gammon* to win your's at  
last.

‡. — Et sibi consul.

Ni placeat, *Curru Servus* portatur eodem.

Juv.

Sat. 10.

## On S L E E P

**H**AIL gentle Sleep! by Heav'n design'd,  
 To sooth the tempests in the mind,  
 And close the tear-swoln Eye;  
 Thy balmy wings around me spread,  
 Let MORPHEUS hover o'er my head,  
 And please with mimic Joy.

See all Creation grateful joyn,  
 To offer homage to thy Shrine,  
 Obedient to thy sway;  
 Who stop'ft mad passion's wild career,  
 Who lull'ft to rest pale-ey'd despair,  
 And driv'ft sad grief away.

From thee the Pris'ner and the Slave,  
 Some downy-winged Transports have,  
 And respite from their pain;  
 Thou first in slumbers seal'ft their Eyes,  
 Then bidd'ft ideal Visions rise,  
 To ease their galling chain.

When nature's wearied out with toil,  
 If thou but deign auspicious smile,  
 And clasp her to thy breast:  
 Her wearied Spirits active glow,  
 No stupid lethargy they know,  
 Refresh'd with balmy rest.

The feather'd Songsters of the groves,  
 That warb'ling tell their harmless loves,  
 Forbear at night their notes ;  
 But when the rosy-finger'd morn,  
 Unfolds the gems that deck the thorn,  
 They wake and swell their throats.

Unhappy They who, torn by woe,  
 Thy sovereign cordial seldom know,  
 But wake to endless care ;  
 Who seldom close the brim-full Eye,  
 Whose bosoms heave the labouring sigh,  
 And groan beneath despair.

But blest with Thee all sorrows cease,  
 All boist'rous storms are hush'd to peace,  
 And still as silent death ;  
 When baffled art and med'cine fail,  
 Thou over sickness can'st prevail,  
 And stop the passing breath.

B



*The* DISAPPOINTMENT.

**L**ONG did ARPASIA's blooming charms  
engage

The softest wishes of my tender age,  
In love's sweet dalliance mutual joys we prov'd,  
ARPASIA I, and I ARPASIA lov'd.

Three summer suns our fond endearments  
knew,

While budding joys to blooming raptures grew :  
Three summer suns with brightest rays survey'd  
Perfection beaming round the lovely maid ;  
Survey'd those charms where melting sweetness  
mov'd,

Which judgment temper'd, and which sense  
improv'd.

Mean while with pleasing dreams of future joy,  
Too strong to lessen, and too pure to cloy,  
Hope flattering hope ! our boldest wishes fed,  
And kindliest stars their gentlest influence shed.

But ah how vain ! fate aim'd the deadly stroke,  
And all our hopes of *glassy essence* broke.  
Our thoughts alas ! of promis'd bliss made void,  
And all our rare felicity destroy'd.

So some fair structure rais'd by *Jones's* art,  
Which pleas'd at once and ravish'd ev'ry heart,  
Sinks to the earth in some ill-fated hour,  
A ruin now — a stately pile no more.

*The* W I S H.

GIVE me, ye Gods, a calm retreat,  
Far from the bustle of the great,  
From empty pomp and noise ;  
Where envy weaves destructive toils,  
Where malice basks in dimpling smiles,  
And smiling — most destroys.

Give me alone content to know,  
Content our richest bliss below,  
Which gilds the orient morn :  
Content, which heals the wounds of pain,  
Which yields a cordial for disdain,  
For infamy, and scorn.

Tho' struck from honour's loftiest tread  
Down to misfortune's poorest shed  
By proud oppression's frown ;  
Like yon perch'd wood-lark void of care  
I'd sing my sorrows into air,  
Or give them — to a CROWN,

W R O T E   U N D E R  
A  
L A D Y ' s   P I C T U R E .

I N vain those mingling tints ambitious glow,  
To emulate the fair ARPASIA's charms,  
E'en \* CARLO's softest touch wou'd fail to shew  
That face, which living sense informs.

'Tis not enough that charms enrich the frame,  
Or strong resemblance crowns the painter's art,  
*Pigmalion's* fate by some celestial flame  
Must wake to life, and deifie each part.

---

\* CARLO MARAT gloried in the nickname of *Dolcatelli*, given him by his cotemporaries, on account of the softness of his Paintings.



## RURAL HAPPINESS.

HENCE moaping melancholy !

Enormous birth of black *Cocytus*' flood,

And nurs'd by stealth-suck'd blood

'Mongst ghastly fights and scenes unholy ;

Waste the lazy, lagging hours,

Where darkness visible expands her wing,

And birds ill-boding sing ;

There joyn self-gnawing care,

Affociate too with pale despair,

Sequester'd from all joy-creating powers.

See, in yonder sacred grove

Form'd for scenes of mirth and love,

Where Ivies with a close embrace

The Oaks their ancient husbands bless,

Nymphs and swains a joyful train

In mazy circles tread the plain.

While *Colin Clout* in aukward measure

Tunes his oaten pipe of pleasure.

See them hop and dance, and play

Void of sorrow — blith and gay ;

While their eyes untaught by art

Speak the language of the heart ;

While simplicity and truth

Heighten ev'ry charm of youth ;

And the lips unskill'd in guile

Speak amorous thro' a melting smile ;

While their hearts with raptures melt,  
Raptures best by peasants felt.

Come, my FLORIO, come alone,  
Let us joyn the happy throng !  
Let us fly ambition's haunts,  
Where fawning adulation cants.  
To the country let us haste ;  
There partake the sweet repast  
Of cordial friendship ; in some vale  
Far from noisy pomp we'll dwell,  
And when inclination moves  
Share the joys the country proves :  
Or if contemplations wings  
Waft our souls to nobler things,  
Knit in friendship's sacred tye  
Together to her shrine we'll fly ;  
There with Bee-like skill explore  
The richest sweets in all her store ;  
And in memory's magazine  
Hoard our luxury of gain.  
Then return, and in our cott  
Trace the mazy turns of thought ;  
And with Ant-like zeal prepare  
Mental food for all the year.

A VALENTINE'S NOSEGAY.

**Y**E Flow'rs that earliest deck the spring,  
Arise before my PHOEBE's view ;  
And, aided by the truths I sing,  
Tell her how she resembles you.

Emblems of modest, pure, and fair,  
Ye Snowdrops, hang your pearly heads ;  
Ye Vi'lets breathe her fragrant air,  
Blend both the colours of your beds.

Faint are your glories to her face,  
Less sweet your odours than her breath ;  
Short are your charms, and every grace  
Shall quick be swallow'd up in death,

Then boast not that the lovely maid  
You rival, tho' you please the eye ;  
Your meaner beauties soon must fade,  
Her fairer virtues ne'er can die.



## O D I E

UPON

*The* S U N.

**T**HOU bright refulgent Orb of day,  
 Diffusive shed thy boundless ray,  
 And wake the roseate dawn ;  
 Dispel the vapours of the night,  
 Ambitious spread that glorious light  
 Thou gain'st from THREE IN ONE.

From night's dark womb auspicious rise,  
 Bid sleepy nature ope her eyes  
 And pour the homage due ;  
 Bid her with prostrate awe adore  
 The wonders of ALMIGHTY Pow'r,  
 By thee display'd to view.

Wonders with such immenseness fraught,  
 As far excelling human thought  
 As thine the taper's ray ;  
 As far beyond Conception's ken,  
 As is th' ALMIGHTY FATHER men,  
 ETERNITY a day.

From light our noblest joys we gain;  
The living verdure of the plain,  
The azure of the skies;  
In vain the brilliant Di'mond glows,  
In vain the rich Carnation blows,  
If light envelop'd lies.

Not earth alone, but air and sea  
Partake the blessings pour'd by thee,  
And feel thy genial beam;  
Thou swel'st the feather'd songsters throat,  
Thou glad'st the scaly tribe, that float  
And gambol in the stream.

But chief of all the fair ones praise  
The blessing of thy kindly rays,  
Thy influence benign;  
Thou beauty's best and chieftest friend,  
To thee in gratitude they bend,  
And croud thy splendid shrine.

'Tis thou that giv'st them power to charm,  
To beat the soft, the sweet alarm,  
And ravish every heart;  
Thou giv'st their charms the richest flush,  
The Lilly's white, the Rose's blush,  
Beyond the happiest art.

What tho' ARPASIA's lovely face  
 Boast ev'ry captivating grace,  
 And each endearing charm;  
 How vain, alas! if not survey'd,  
 Her elegance of form's display'd,  
 To move with soft alarm.

Whatever pleasures mortals know  
 From thy extensive influence flow,  
 Thou source of all delight;  
 Thy dancing beams around us play,  
 And on the eye-ball pour the day,  
 Magnificently bright.





*The* INCONSTANT.

**L**ONG DAMON gaz'd on *Chloe's* charms,  
Fraught with a fond desire ;  
Oft had he press'd her in his arms,  
And fed the latent fire.

His heart confest the fair supreme,  
And vow'd eternal love ;  
Nor could he e'en so much as dream  
The fickle thing wou'd rove.

Away she goes ; (alafs ! poor maid !)  
Will absence cool his flame ?  
To others must his vows be paid,  
While you remain the same ?

At first he griev'd the mighty loss,  
In time less anxious grew ;  
'Till easy grown beneath the cross ;  
" No more (he cry'd) is due.

" 'Tis true, I lov'd you, thought you fair,  
" Yet fair are others too ;  
" You're gone, 'tis fitting they should share  
" An heart not ALL for you."

Thus thought the doubtful, wav'ring swain ;  
 In youthful bloom array'd  
 CHLORIS appears upon the plain ;  
 He views the lovely maid.

Quick thro' his frame the light'ning ran,  
 His soften'd heart was mov'd ;  
 An infant passion now began ;  
 He gaz'd, he sigh'd — he lov'd.

Well——she (he thought) was wond'rous fair,  
 Now sure he ne'er could change ;  
 His fickle heart was fixt on her,  
 Nor must it longer range.

She was the pleasure of his life,  
 His sweetest, greatest bliss ;  
 And such——ye powers ! but such a wife,  
 Was all his heart could wish.

Yet see how frail a mortal mind !  
 By frequent fight his smart  
 Was somewhat eas'd, his flame declin'd,  
 Indifference seiz'd his heart.

From CHLORIS *Celia* bore the prize,  
 Nor would the rover stay,  
 But caught by bright *Lisetta's* eyes,  
 To her it flies away.

There fixt indeed as yet it stays;  
Yet boast not, nymph, 'tis thine;  
Stay but a while, the next fair face  
Will make thee too resign.

As fleeting forms the mirror skim,  
Each beauty strikes his mind,  
Like eddies curling thro' the stream  
Which leave no trace behind.



*Upon the* AEOLIAN HARP.

INVENTED

By Mr. OSWALD,

**G**REAT *Memnon's* Harp, as Poets say,  
 Breath'd sounds at touch of *Titan's* ray,  
 And ravish'd ev'ry mortal ear  
 With musick, such as Gods might hear;  
 We scarce believe the tale when told  
 By *Nilus*, fabling bard of old,  
 But think the beams of falsehood play'd  
 Around the Poet's roving head.

But see this frame of OSWALD's art;  
 With noblest chords it sooths the heart,  
 And to the softest touch of air,  
 Breaths sounds which charm the ravish'd ear.  
 Then cease, nor hesitate to own  
 The wond'rous truth by *Nilus* shewn;  
 For OSWALD's frame we hear and view  
 With Rapture, tho' we know it true.

*The* S C O L D.

*A* B U R L E S Q U E S O N G.

To the Tune of *My PATIE is a Lover gay, &c.*

**M**Y jade is brawny, brown, and tough;  
A flattern, black, and muddy;  
With face of brass, and skin of buff,  
That like bull-beef is ruddy.

Broad is her stride, her gait a reel,  
Her tongue a nine days wonder;  
Noisy as clack of water-mill,  
Loud as a clap of thunder.

Bright as the dull, thick glass her eyes,  
That safely bottles up good liquor;  
Dim as the Trav'ler far off spies  
A rush-light in a clay-house wicker;

Her pimpl'd, purple-glowing nose  
Shines with a greater lustre,  
Than the ripe, swelling, red grape shews  
In a large rosy cluster.

Last night when I came home too late,  
 The proud imperious huffy  
 Crack'd in a rage my harmless pate,  
 And told me I was bouzy.

Rogue, villain, rascal from her tongue  
 Flew thick as hailstones rattle:  
 Her din was like the trumpet strong,  
 That founds th' alarm to battle.

I must, I will assume the man —  
 She's gone too far to bear it.  
 I'll try if this stout cudgel can  
 Beat down that lofty Spirit.

Or to her thunder I'll add rain,  
 And give her for her chatt'ring,  
 What ne'er was yet apply'd in vain,  
 A ducking-stool — a wat'ring.

'Tis done alafs! but all in vain,  
 I see there's nought can cure her.  
 Come take her, death, and ease my pain;  
 What mortal can endure her?

Or if this cannot granted be,  
 Come, prithee, cease denying;  
 E'en leave the jade, and come for me;  
 To *live* with her is *dying*.



*Upon the P E A C E*  
*Concluded at AIX LA CHAPELLE :*

An EXERCISE wrote at

ST. JOHN'S College, CAMBRIDGE.

**A**T last again tumultuous war is o'er,  
 And smiling plenty crowns *Britannia's*  
 shore ;

In ev'ry eye see radiant pleasure glow,  
 And rosy transport kindle on each brow.

Be others charm'd with thick-embattled plains,  
 Where inextinguishable Fury reigns ;  
 Whose souls strong-panting glow with martial  
 rage ;

And long to join where warring Hosts engage ;  
 Ardent to mingle in the doubtful day,  
 Who thirst for fame where WILLIAM points  
 the way.

Far other scenes my humble soul invite  
 Than purple plains, or desolating fight ;  
 Such scenes as these to me be only known  
 By breathing paint or animated stone ;  
 Let *Tyrian* colours mark th' ensanguin'd plain,  
 And WILLIAM bleeding on the rapid Mayne :  
 Shew there a CLAYTON glorious in his blood,  
 And bravely falling for his country's good :

C

And here let GEORGE tremendous whelm the foe,  
While conquest hangs on each decisive blow.

In GRANTA's shades where science spreads  
her reign,

Where virtue pours a balm for ev'ry pain ;  
Far from the noisy bustle of the court,  
Where gilded care, and sickly pomp resort ;  
Where fawning envy weaves destructive toils,  
And brooding malice basks in dimpling smiles ;  
There let me steer along the tide of time,  
Few rugged waves, or mountain-furges climb.  
There let me view in fancy's gushing eye,  
The friend of virtue, and of liberty :

Let GEORGE appear majestically great,  
Brave in the field, and wise in arts of state ;  
Dispensing blessings with a bounteous hand,  
At once the prince, and parent of the land.

And now a prospect crowds upon my thought,  
With every joy, with every blessing fraught.  
Here calmly-sweet Tranquility is seen,  
And peace gay-smiling with celestial mein ;  
There commerce spreads her wide-expanding  
sail,

Skims o'er the waves, and drives before the  
gale :

The peasant yonder tills the fruitful ground,  
And sows new life into the fertile wound ;  
While smiling transport revels in each eye,  
And all creation sympathize in joy.

Such, GEORGE, the blessings which thy hands  
bestow,  
That free to all in rich profusion flow.  
So genial Sol impartial pours his beams,  
And gladden'd nature wantons 'midst the  
gleams.

But now, ye pow'rs ! your kindest influence  
shed,  
And show'r your choicest gifts on GEORGE'S  
head :  
Make every day some signal blessing bring,  
And bid each future age applaud BRITANNIA'S  
king,

C 2





# A DIALOGUE ON DANCING.

In imitation of PRIOR.

A Sage philosopher (call'd NED)  
Met FRANK, a merry frisking blade,  
No matter where, or how, or when,  
But thus the Dialogue began.

Prithee, FRANK, leave these idle fancies,  
You're always gadding after dances ;  
A man of literature and parts  
Should have recourse to nobler arts :  
For were your heels as light as cork,  
Sure they would never do your work,  
While dullness like a lump of lead,  
Her throne had seated in your head.

Come, would you cure this strange Vagary ?  
Let fancy trip it like a Fairy ;  
Jigg briskly on poetic feet,  
And just *Parnassian* measures beat.  
To such the sacred Nine would play,  
While sister Graces ran the hay.  
Or check this whim, or change it's course,  
And mount the *Pegasean* horse ;

Amble with smooth-paced step along  
 The flowery paths of tuneful song ;  
 Or are you for a nobler dance  
 Majestic in heroics prance ;  
 Curvet and bound in sprightly lyric,  
 Or take a leap in panegyric,  
 Bold as the artist on the cord,  
 And neck or nothing be the word.

Soon as the sage had ceas'd to chide,  
 FRANK gayly smil'd, and thus reply'd.  
 True NED, in dancing I take pleasure,  
 But who can say 'tis out of measure ?  
 Time too I'm always for regarding,  
 Or think the dance not worth a farthing.  
 Your remedy is good, I own,  
 But I can see no need of one.  
 Severer studies while we may,  
 'Tis wise to season with more gay.  
 Brisk *France*, when join'd to sober *Spain*,  
 Best forms the happy-temper'd man ;  
 Young mirth, and old dame Grave, her mother,  
 Like light, and shade, set off each other.

Shall work and pleasure all be ta'en  
 From other limbs, to load the brain ?  
 We see them all inclin'd to be,  
 Each in his way, as brisk as he.  
 Your legs and arms would take it ill,  
 Were he employ'd, and they lay still ;

Were they debarr'd their frisking tricks,  
 While he could sport in rhyming freaks.  
 The dancers are more just than you,  
 They give each limb it's proper due;  
 The legs, and their allies the arms  
 An equal strength and vigour warms;  
 Nay *Numscull's* self partakes the pleasure,  
 He nods, and smiles, at every measure.

Besides, without their friendly aid  
 What would become of graver head?  
 Why he must think, ach, sleep — what then?  
 Then he must sleep, ach, think again.  
 For ever *dance* the same dull round  
 To his own fancy's jingling sound;  
 Like squirrel in his cage of wire,  
 For ever climbing, never higher.

This may, perhaps, be true, (cry'd NED)  
 But yet (and then he shook his head)  
 What good can come of cutting capers?  
 Suppose it only cur'd the vapours,  
 (Says FRANK) or could our cares appease,  
 Our taught to move with graceful ease.  
 \* Yet more, instructive emblems graec  
 The artful windings of each maze;

---

\* The ancients considered dancing as a kind of *silent poetry*, and a *graceful expression of the passions*; to learn which, the movements of the Dancers were carefully studied by the Grecian Sculptors.

Vid. ARISTOT. Poet. initio — PLUTARCH. Sympos. L. X.  
 ATHEN. Deipnos. L. I.



Wisdom and virtue in disguise  
 Lye there to catch unthinking eyes ;  
 And thro' those windows which they find,  
 Steal in, and fasten on the mind.

E'en science too from this gay movement,  
 Is capable of much improvement.

Could at a ball th' astronomer  
 Suppose each shining belle a star ;  
 There might he view in fancy's eye  
 \* Those orbs that *dance* around the sky.

The various figures of the dance  
 Besides can EUCLID's art advance ;  
 For sure the couples there one sees,  
 May serve to stand for A's and B's ;  
 If so, from thence a good projector,  
 Might learn a mathematic lecture.

From argument proceed we now,  
 Our learn'd authorities to shew ;  
 As lawyers from their common places,  
 Cite ye their precedents and cases.

With flutes that breath'd a martial air,  
 Stern *Sparta's* offspring *danced* to war ;  
 And thought their fears would ne'er give leisure  
 † To cowards then to keep the measure ;  
 For while they advanc'd in equal chime,  
 None but the brave cou'd *dance* in time.

\* PINDAR calls APOLLO, The DANCING king of *splendor*. L. 1.

† AGESILAUS being ask'd why the *Lacedemonians* began their engagements with a concert of flutes, answer'd, " To distinguish cowards." PLUTARCH. Apothegm. Lacon.

And when the Roman Priests of Mars,  
In arms perform'd their solemn farce ;  
The festive clash of shields among,  
\* Great SCIPIO led the dance along.

Are you content ? Or shall I quote  
Authors of more than common note ?  
Who all in my defence appear,  
From † HOMER's strain, to ‡ LUCIAN's sneer.  
Nay \*\* SOCRATES, and †† PLATO too,  
Philosophers as wise as you,  
Conspire to strengthen my assertion,  
And praise my favorite diversion.

Should you antiquity contest,  
And relish modern authors best ;  
†† Old SCAL. has bragg'd, that all your lyrics  
Were nothing to his dancing *Pyrrhics*.

\* SCIPIO AFRICANUS, one of the order named *Sali* (a *Saliendo*) from their dancing, which was accompanied with singing the *Carmen Saliare*, and a good entertainment, as appears from the *Dapes Saliare*, of HORACE : a kind of jovial rites, that are often practis'd in modern times by both Sexes, but without any other *Arms* than nature has given the fair, or at least with some brought out of the *Wardrobe* instead of the *Magazine*.

† ILIAD. xviii. ODYSS. viii. ‡ De Saltatione.

\*\* In a poem ascribed to him says, " The best DANCERS are  
" the BRAVEST MEN."

ATHEN. U. S. †† De REPUB. L. v.

†† SCALIGER the elder tells us, by his dancing in armour, he made the Emperor MAXIMILIAN cry, " This lad was either born or rock'd in a coat of mail. Poetic. L. 1. l. 11.

And foremost in my list you'll see,  
An Irish \* Dean, a French † Abbè.

Thus has each age, and every nation,  
Concurr'd to vindicate my passion.

After this long Harangue (friend NED,  
When he had gaped, and scratch'd his head)  
Oped his wife mouth to make reply —

“ But hold (I hear my reader cry)

“ What can we learn from all this chat

“ Of NED said this, and FRANK said that?

“ A tale in verse without a moral,

“ Like Bells upon a Baby's coral;

“ With idle, empty, jingling chimes,

“ While all the sense is lost in rhimes.”

Well — lest you think me too remiss;

My moral then in short is this:

*That nothing's hurtful used in reason,*

*And each diversion has it's season.*

\* See DELANY's dissertation in defence of DAVID's dancing  
before the ark.

† Monsieur BURRETTE *memoires sur la danse.* Mem. acad.  
scient. Tom. i.



*Upon the Fifth of NOVEMBER,*

AN EXERCISE wrote

At ST. JOHN'S College, CAMBRIDGE.

**G**ENIUS of liberty ! inspire  
An infant muse with heav'nly fire,  
And deign to strike the string ;  
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,  
Illumine each bewildred thought,  
And teach me how to sing.

Teach me to sing BRITANNIA'S state,  
Pluck'd from the jaws of cruel fate  
By some superior hand ;  
Some hand, that snatch'd her from the tomb,  
Averted ALBION'S threatned doom,  
And saved a sinking land.

Long fought proud ROME, BRITANNIA'S foe,  
To strike a dire, decisive blow,  
And crush at once her all ;  
Long, long she meditating lay,  
Hid like a mole from face of day,  
Brooding o'er ALBION'S fall.

At length the fatal day was come,  
 Fixt by despotic power and ROME,  
 To deal destruction round;  
 When lo! a pure enlivening ray,  
 Oped the glad eye-lids of the day,  
 With joy and safety crown'd.

Forth from the womb of thickest night,  
 Unveil'd and clear to mortal sight,  
 The deadly treason broke;  
 Kind heaven it's saving hand apply'd,  
 Made all her machinations void,  
 And dash'd the tyrant's yoke.

At first thro' ALBION terror ran,  
 Amazement made each visage wan,  
 And horror seiz'd the whole;  
 At length, wish'd change! tumultuous joy  
 Extatic revel'd in each eye,  
 And swell'd each raptur'd soul.

BRITANNIA smiling spurn'd her foe,  
 Indignant view'd the baffled blow,  
 And all her efforts vain;  
 Triumphant now she graced her throne,  
 While papal powers submissive own,  
 And hug the galling chain.

And may they still submissive own,  
They borrow from BRITANNIA's throne,  
The lives they now enjoy;  
May tyrants and tyrannic pow'r,  
Those poison'd dregs of nature's store,  
No more our peace destroy.

While BRITAIN gloriously great,  
An happy people, happy state!  
Shall flourish, fair and free;  
With every richest blessing crown'd,  
For liberty and peace renown'd,  
And happy GEORGE in thee.





## To P H O E B E.

An Imitation of the twenty third Ode of  
of the first Book of HORACE.

*Vitas Hinnuleo me similis, CHLOE, &c.*

**D**E A R, pretty PHOEBE, why so coy,  
When form'd so well to taste the joy?

You shun me like the trembling fawn,  
That anxious bounds along the lawn,  
Startled at every gentle breeze,

Which rustles thro' the wavy trees.  
No less you start, my charming fair,  
When love's soft whisper strikes your ear:

But ah! what fear can accents move,  
That join to form the voice of love?

Tamed by those charms that might subdue  
The fiercest of the savage crew;  
Tho' I've oft laugh'd at amorous pain,  
I'm now become a very swain.

Fear not to take me for thy guide,  
To leave mamma's beloved side;  
Ah! melt within the warm embrace,  
And prove my arms a fitter place.

# A S O N G,

Upon the annual Commemoration of  
ST. DAVID'S Day.

By the WELSH FUZILEERS.

To the Tune of  
*When BRITAIN first at Heav'n's Command.*

**G**UARDIAN of ALBION descend,  
Thy glorious trophies here display ;  
And *Mars*, thou God of war, attend,  
To celebrate this welcome day.

*Let martial musick rend the spheres,  
And fame record the Fuzileers.*

When ALBION'S cause provokes to arms,  
And hostile troops invade her right ;  
Fired with the love of freedom's charms,  
They rouse to glorious deeds in fight.

*Cho. Let, &c.*

Not more th' immortal sons of old,  
Led by LEONIDAS to war,  
Deserv'd the ensigns of the bold,  
Or victory's triumphant carr.

*Let martial music rend the spheres,  
And fame record the Fuzileers.*

THE  
PEACEFUL RETIREMENT,

**R**EMOV'D from all the busy scenes of life,  
Far in a northern vale's profound recess,  
One darling child, and faithful wife,  
The happy pilgrim LÆLIUS blefs.

Where *Till's* meandring, welling waters play;  
Soft-gliding thro' the flower-enamel'd mead,  
Gay-sparkling to the sunny ray,  
Enrich'd with every scaly breed.

At well-mark'd distance CHEVIOT's hoary head  
Crowns the luxuriant scene, well known in  
tale ;  
Where *PIERCY* fought, where *DOWGLASS* bled,  
Whose fate posterity bewail.

There rich in richest store, divine content,  
My LÆLIUS pass'd the evening of his life;  
Beneficent, benevolent,  
From passion calm, unmov'd by strife.

The dawn his garden's grateful toil employ'd ;  
From every weed instructive morals rose ;  
Emblems how vice should be destroy'd,  
Emblems how vice spontaneous grows.



Meanwhile the solemn bell call'd forth to pray'r,  
 The good old man his pious reverence paid,  
 Invoked th' Almighty Father's care,  
 His care and providential aid.

As no tempestuous passion's ruffling pow'r  
 Disturb'd the calm tranquility within,  
 He fearless saw th' approaching hour  
 Of death, undaunted, and serene.

For ah ! too soon the fatal arrow sped ;  
 Too soon my friend returns to kindred clay ;  
 Yon bell, sad herald of the dead !  
 Proclaims him snatch'd away.

The village mourn ; his wife and darling child  
 Weep LÆLIUS now no more, tho' taught to  
 bear

With patient resignation mild  
 Affliction's sharpest, keenest spear.

Tho' the cold chambers of the silent tomb  
 Contain the corruptible part, his clay ;  
 His pious memory will bloom,  
 His tomb be blest for aye.

## On ARPASIA.

WHILE *Chloe's* beauties bloom in PRIOR's  
lays,

And GRANVILLE's numbers flow to *Mira's*  
praise;

To fair ARPASIA let me pour a song,  
Soft as her charms, and as her reason strong.

When mellowing tints are ranged in vivid  
glow,

And softening lines unite in graceful row ;  
Till from the canvass starts the lovely mein,  
With looks that almost speak a soul within :  
How keen the rapture which dilates the breast ?  
How dear the fair idea there exprest ?

But when in life the fair perfection charms,  
And vital heat th' ideal work informs ;  
As when the sun in fierce, collected ray,  
Pours on the view the living beams of day ;  
Struck with the strong effulgent stream of light,  
Each dazzled eye forgets the sense of sight :  
So on th' astonish'd mind th' angelic form  
Darts in full blaze the bright resistless charm ;  
When in ARPASIA's finish'd air we trace  
Each meaning beauty, and each living grace.

Where richest crimson blends with purest  
white,

And both each elegance of form unite ;  
Where decent mirth with mild discretion joins,  
And truth with courtly complaisance combines ;  
Where modesty, the fair one's richest charm,  
Softening each grace, endears the brightest form :  
Where the calm soul enjoys serenity,  
And beams good nature thro' th' expressive eye ;  
That eye, which smiling sparkles like her wit,  
That dimpling smile inimitably sweet ;  
Where innocence, and tenderness conspire  
To win esteem, and kindle to desire ;  
Where native beauty, unadorn'd by art ;  
Attracts the eye, to captivate the heart :  
There let the verse, a grateful tribute, flow ;  
There let the Muse her richest wreaths bestow :  
While all, in one united voice, declare,  
ARPASIA is the captivating fair.



*An* IRREGULAR ODE,

*On the* DEATH

OF

Mr. CHARLES BROOME,

LATE OF

ST. JOHN'S College, CAMBRIDGE.

OF every joy bereft I catch the reed,  
And sing LYCÆUS dead !  
LYCÆUS ! pride of shepherd's praise ;  
LYCÆUS ! to life's dawn but newly come :  
The sweetest blossom of the genial spring ;  
Far passing all the shepherds of his days ;  
Sunk unexpected to the Tomb :  
Of him I fain would sing.

And who denies to sing LYCÆUS gone ?  
Gone e'er he'd climb'd the summit of life's hill ;  
Before the world his passing worth had known,  
Or he alas ! had shewn his matchless skill !  
Struck, as the blight destroys an opening flow'r,  
Untimely struck, in an ill-fated hour.

Ah me ! to whom shall I complain ?  
 To whom disclose my inward pain ?  
 No friends are left ; — no friends, but share  
 The sad affliction which I bear.  
 All, all complain,  
 All, all with brows by grief o'erspread  
 Bewail the swain,  
 And weep LYCÆUS gone, LYCÆUS dead !

And ah ! what hope of joy is left to me,  
 Bereft at once of all my soul held dear,  
 Bereft of him who hath not left his peer ?  
 Of him, whose gentle manner, and demeanor  
     mild  
 Could charm the fiercest rage, and lull to rest  
 The troubled tempests in the breast,  
 Like pity's tenderest child.

Can I forget, when we together sat,  
 And turn'd the letter'd page  
 Of every former age ?  
 Can I forget ? ( it may not be )  
 When on the summit of some mountain's brow,  
 Beneath some shadowing tree ;  
 Or underneath some arbour's shade,  
 By mingling branches made ;  
 Sequester'd from the noisy croud,  
 From all the busy toils of life,  
 The starts of passion, and of strife ;  
 In harmless chat, and inoffensive joy,  
 We saw the sun rowl down the sky,  
 Or vanish in a cloud.

But now woods, hills, and groves are desolate,  
 Deprived of him their once high-vaunted grace ;  
 And all the fields bewail their widowed state,  
 Since death did late their fairest flower deface.



Oh ! cruel fate ! that would not pitying spare  
My bosom-joy — why would ye wound my  
heart

With sorrow's keenest dart,  
And with a loss beyond repair ?  
To him, my dearest, kindest friend,  
My soul did, as it's centre, tend.  
In him I ever hoped to find  
A balm for every pain of mind ;  
In him for every pining grief  
A sure infallible relief.

But ah ! how vain ! LYCÆUS now is gone,  
And with him every bliss is flown.  
No more the sweets of life I can enjoy ;  
His dear remembrance harrows up my breast ;  
His image still in fancy stands confest,  
Swells my fond heart, and fills my weeping eye.

## On COPPER.

## A SCHOOL EXERCISE.

THE various wonders of the ripening ore,  
Earth's massy treasure, and her precious  
store ;

The many dangers of the laboured mine,  
How these dig up, and those in fire refine,  
Let others sing ; an humbler theme I chuse,  
And *Copper* tempts my unexperienc'd muse.

Soon as *Aurora* gilds th' ætherial plain,  
And flings her rosy tresses o'er the main ;  
In various acts see strong-nerv'd labour toil,  
And jocund health applaud her with a smile.

View in yon shop the melted metal glow,  
And yield obedient to each weighty blow ;  
While round the toiling slaves in order stand,  
And brandish'd hammers fill each brawny hand,  
By turns their arms advance in equal time,  
By turns their blows descend, and hammers  
chime ;

The bruised metal bellowing groans below,  
And trembling, seems to dread th' approaching  
blow :

While distant eccho propagates the sound,  
And many a street is rous'd from sleep profound.  
The wakening 'Prentice rubs his half-closed eyes,  
And yawning laziness begins to rise.

FLAVIA, (the live-long night consumed in play)  
From her dear WHIST scarce forced at dawn of  
day,

Disturb'd from dreams of luck, and wish'd repose,  
Politely fretful, curs'd th' industrious blows:

But " Madam, crys sagacious *Sly*, forbear ;

" Their toil is only meant to serve the fair.

" Without a copper could your husband brew

" The balmy ale's nectareous juice for you ?

" Would you for interrupted sleep agree,

" No more to taste your darling *Ratafie* ?

" Would you the charming *Hyson* quaff no  
more ;

" Nor hear the pleasing scandal of an hour ?

" Where as you sip, new defamations rise,

" And o'er each dish a reputation dies."

On what could HOGARTH's noted skill im-  
part

The merry figures of his mimic art,

Were *Copper* wanting, where his *Steel* may write

What marks again the humorous black and  
white ?

Drawn on the burnish'd plate the traces shine,

And point the out-lines of some grand design.

The future *Harlot* blushing here you see ;

The *Rake* there strutting in his full *levee*.



Yet more ; the founder's beneficial trade  
 Indebted stands to *Copper's* useful aid.  
 The martial Muse might rend your ears asunder,  
 While gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss she'd  
 thunder.

Alike it's use, when war or peace prevails,  
 It forms a mortar, or a pair of scales ;  
 Gives law to States, and deals destruction round  
 For EUROPE's balance, or ——— e'en weighs a  
 pound.

This *Proteus*-metal how shall we pursue,  
 That now serves *Jane* to boil, now *John* to  
 brew ?

Becomes a Still, a caldron, and what not ?  
 A cock, a kettle, or a copper-pot.  
 Like his own *application*, aids the *Vicar*  
 To broach, and drink, as well as brew good  
 liquor.

Now is a clock, a sauce-pan, and in turn  
 A lamp, a ladle, or a funeral urn.  
 Exalted glitters in the gilded fane ;  
 Adorns the tinsel'd *beau's* neat clouded cane.  
 Helps honest men to *pay the knave a groat*,  
 Or shines a button on *Sir Fopling's* coat.

Sage CURIO gravely bids me not pass by  
 The musty coins that in his closet lie.  
 Cease, poring trifler, 'cause they're *old* or *new*,  
 These *Farthings* to neglect, yet those pursue :  
 If age alone true worth can e'er bestow,  
 What were they worth a thousand years ago ?  
 When the just debt which nature claims is paid,  
 And that wise head in kindred dust is laid ;  
 The medals you've amass'd with cost and care,  
 Unvalued, useless to your half-starv'd heir,  
 Sold by the pound, and prized as common  
 metal,  
 May serve (hard fate ! ) to patch some Tinker's  
 kettle.



*The* P A R A L L E L.

ADDRESSED TO

Miss P E N E L O P E M——

Occasioned by seeing her at WELWYN Spa.

**Y**OUR namesake of old, the fam'd *Itbacan*  
*Queen,*

(As may by the fair in POPE's HOMER be seen)  
Wrought a web of the stuff which her maidens  
had spun,

That ever was doing, yet never was done.

For backward she wrought, like a mischievous  
spright,

What she did in the day, she undid in the night.

But you are by far more amazing, since you  
Are more young, and more fair, and more  
mischievous too.

Your charms are so bright, and your wit is so  
gay,

You undo us at once, both by night and by day.

"How can I (you'll say) with my name-  
fake contend?"

"No kingdom I govern, no scepter extend;

"How am I a Queen then?" "You are, (cry  
"the *Smarts*)

"You must be a Queen,—— for you reign in  
"our hearts."



*A Pastoral* O D E,

ON THE

D E A T H

OF

*Miss* N A N C Y T H O R N T O N.

J O Y - widow'd muse, assist my strain  
To paint a world of pain ;  
To paint most complicated grief,  
And sorrow mocking all relief.

As late yon hedge-row'd elms among  
I stray'd, to hear the matten song  
Of wakeful *Philomel*, close by my side  
A murmuring Rivulet, sadly-flow,  
Expressive harbinger of woe,  
In plaintive sounds did querulously glide.

My trembling heart with sudden horrors moved,  
Soon drew sad omens from the gloomy scene ;  
And for *EVADNE*, whom I dearly loved,  
I thrill'd with fear of what I could not ween.

As fixt in dread amaze I silent stood,  
 And meditating ey'd the murmuring brook;  
 Not far within the neighbouring wood,  
 Pensive reclin'd upon his crook,  
 The shepherd *Damon*, melancholy, pale,  
 'Midst interrupting sighs pour'd out this lament-  
 able Tale.

'Tis o'er ——— and now I bid the world adieu !

Adieu, ye festive train,  
 Companions dear in every joy !

How oft have we on yon enamel'd plain  
 Sported, while down the western sky  
 The sun in lengthen'd shadows roll'd,  
 And tipt the distant hills with gold ?

How oft have we our homely ditties sung;

Our homely ditties play'd ?

While sportive eccho flung

Our notes to yonder shade ;

To yonder shade, where dear *EVADNE* lay,  
 Bright as the God that wakes the rising day.

Our notes of joy no longer flow,  
 Alas! these day-dreams please no more,  
 All, all are changed to notes of woe,  
 The transient scene of bliss is o'er;  
 And in its stead a dismal train  
 Of visionary spectres reign,  
 All meagre, pale, and sad,  
 In mournful weeds of pensive sorrow clad.

As o'er yon mead I bent my way,  
 At dawn of this ill-fated day,  
 While temperate Zephyrs bland,  
 With balmy breath the waving branches  
 fan'd,  
 I heard, methought, from yon majestic dome  
 A doleful knell (that solemn herald!) come;  
 With plaintive sounds it pierced the ambient air,  
 And ah! with sounds foreboding deep despair.



Mean while I side-long turn'd;  
And lo! behind that copse,  
*Thyrsis*, and *Amaryllis* mourn'd  
Their lost felicity, and ship-wreck'd hopes.

With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,  
Leaning half-rais'd upon her *Thyrsis*' neck,  
In words of cordial love,  
Soft as the breath of citron grove,  
Fair *Amaryllis* told a tale,  
The saddest sure that e'er did mortal ears assail.

*Thyrsis*, my Love, how frail is human bliss!  
Light, unsubstantial as the vernal air,  
Fleeting as down before the *Zephyr*'s breeze,  
Or as the glimmer of a falling star;  
What most of rare felicity we prize  
Enjoyment mocks, eluding eagerest hope,  
And like an opening rose untimely dies,  
Which courts our wish, yet courts it to elope.

What time no pangs our infant bosoms tear,  
 Nor weeping grief our harmless sport allays;  
 When lisping innocence parental care  
 Provokes, then dawn'd dear friendship's  
 cordial rays.

Since when, as Time his annual circle run,  
 Like flowers expanding to the genial sun,  
 Our mutual love dilating grew,  
 Loaded with blessings ever new.

No day, no hour was spent,  
 But pleasure's radiant beam  
 Some softening grace to friendship lent,  
 Some softening, genial gleam,  
 Which we, together from the world remov'd,  
 In social joy, communion sweet! improv'd.

Soon as *Aurora* from the East arose,  
 Spreading her roseate mantle o'er the main,  
 Waked from the cygnet arms of soft repose,  
 We tript for health the dew-bespangled plain.

And when in highest noon,  
 Throned in his amber car, the sun  
 Darted his rays intense with heat,  
 Beneath some thick-embowering shade,  
 By intermingling woodbines made,  
 We sought a cool, a close retreat.

There moral, or historic truths we read,  
 Or grave divinity's sublimer page;  
 What PLATO thought, how CATO bled,  
 How holy prophets taught each future age.

Sported amidst the flowery paths of song,  
 Charm'd by correct, harmonious POPE along;  
 Or else in SHAKESPEAR, nature's child,  
 Admired how fancy soared in warblings wild.

Soon as the leader of the starry train,  
 Bright *Hesperus*, unveil'd his peerless light,  
 Forth to the dew-impearled plain  
 We stray'd, or to some mountain's height.



There by the verge of limpid rill,  
Which murmuring mantled down the hill,  
Seated on nature's moss-clad chair,  
We sip the fragrance of the air.

There, or in fancy's spacious eye  
Did rising piles of bliss enjoy;  
Or, pleasing retrospect ! our vanish'd joys again  
Review'd on memory's extensive plain.

Thus blest with dear EVADNE's love,  
Each morning dawn'd superior joy,  
No pause my raptures knew,  
Each day they did improve;  
More excellent they hourly grew,  
As adding hourly something new,  
Too strong to lessen, and too pure to cloy.

But who can pierce beyond to-day,  
 And see what lies in time's capacious womb?  
 Who can discern what is to come,  
 Or who the stern behest of fate gain say?

As thus our bosoms mutual ardours fed,  
 And mutual friendship mutual raptures gave,  
 Fate spoke the word — the deadly arrow  
 sped,  
 And poor EVADNE sunk into the grave.

Struck by that fatal word, thro' all my frame  
 In complicated anguish horror ran,  
 No faculty remain'd the same,  
 An instant anarchy began.  
 My trembling pulse forgot to play,  
 My heart no more in throbbing measures beat,  
 My fainting spirits sunk away,  
 Life made a pause, — but ah! as yet  
 I'm doom'd to mourn a loss beyond repair;  
 I'm doom'd to grief, and inconsolable despair.

Can I forget my dear EVADNE's love,  
 Balm of my pain, and solace of my care;  
 Which lull'd to rest  
 The tempest warring in my breast,  
 And charm'd away the Fiend despair:  
 Which pour'd for every grief  
 A sure infallible relief,  
 And like an Olive-bearing Dove,  
 Or white-robed Cherub, minister of peace,  
 Bid heart-felt raptures every hour increase.

But ah! no more that bliss I must enjoy,  
 No more with transport prove  
 The soft, the balmy voice of love,  
 Which ne'er could pall, nor e'er could cloy;  
 She's gone, alas! for ever gone!  
 In whom alone,  
 Superlatively great,  
 Above all flattery or deceit,  
 The social charms in bright assemblage met.



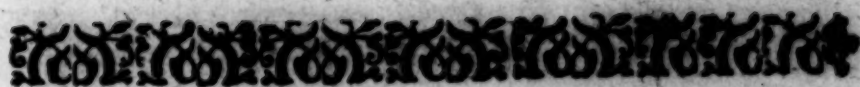
Sad, as the soft-ey'd Turtle for his mate  
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,  
Sits moaning on a lonely thorn ;  
Full well I ween, I must endure  
(Nor hope a perfect cure)  
My loss, unutterably great !

But ah ! one comfort yet remains,  
Which somewhat mitigates my pains ;  
Which pours a cordial for my woe,  
And bids my tears with moderation flow.

SOMETHING within I must obey,  
Commands me cease complain ;  
And tells me, we shall meet for aye  
Among the blest in yon Star-sprinkled plain.

Sad, as the lonely Turtle in his mate  
From room to room, from east to west,  
Sits mourning on a lonely shore;  
Till well I woe, I must endure  
(Nor hope a perfect cure)  
My loss, unutterably great!

But still the comfort witheringing  
Which somewhat mitigates my pain;  
Which pours a cordial for my woe,  
And bids my tears with moderation flow.  
Something within I must obey,  
Commands the cease complaining;  
And tells me, "We shall meet for aye  
Among the bliss in yon sparkling plain."



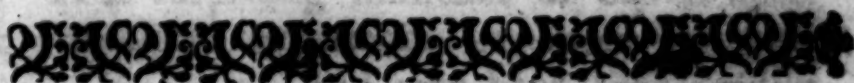
NECESSITY

AND

ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



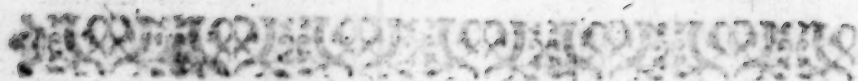




ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



I.

# ON THE NECESSITY AND

## USE

## OF STUDY.

*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit fecitque* PUER.

HOR. *De Art. Poet.*

**T**HE surprising influence of *Custom* upon mankind experience has made too glaring to be denied, and men have very readily allowed her a *second* place to *Nature*; but may perhaps be greatly alarmed, if we should offer to exalt her above that favourite idol.

Some

Some may possibly be shocked at our speaking of nature in such contemptuous terms; But I do not know of any word that has been oftener used with no meaning, or to a bad purpose. In short, it is a phantom which hath appeared under a variety of shapes, and dazzled her admirers with shew instead of substance; nay at last, like *Eccho*, dwindled into a mere sound.

*Vox & præterea nihil!*

This censure of using an unintelligible kind of dialect seems particularly applicable to those, who in the explication of moral or intellectual habits have recourse to instincts, and I know not what innate faculty they call genius; a sort of occult qualities, which they would palm upon us for the causes of virtue and knowledge, but which are in reality only so many veils to hide their ignorance from the persons they take upon them to instruct, and put a cheat upon others, if not upon themselves. With such solutions, like jugglers, they seem to cut the knot, while it remains as much unsolved as ever, and wants but the taking out of their Hands to appear so.

As



As so many of the modern writers have employed their pens on *moral instincts*, that they have almost exhausted the subject, and given every reader an opportunity of tiring, if not satisfying himself with their endless speculations; instead of adding to their number, I shall content myself at present with the consideration of *intellectual habits*; especially in answer to what is urged by those who decry application as a mean talent only fit for men of slow apprehensions, and attribute every improvement of the mind to the strength of natural parts.

The strongest advocates for unassisted genius are generally the ignorant and indolent; and herein they seem to understand their own interest as well as the cunning fox in the Fable, who made his brethren a learned oration against the use of tails, when he had unhappily lost his own; for what better, or more flattering excuse can be found for laziness or stupidity than to throw the fault on nature? Or else the self-conceited and arrogant, for what higher gratification can vanity propose to itself than to persuade the world of its own self-sufficiency, and that all foreign assistances are absolutely unnecessary?

“It

" It is in vain (they wou'd say) to expect a  
 " crop where there are no seeds ; and when  
 " the soil is rich enough already, what need  
 " is there of clogging it with manure ? Let  
 " the dull heavy drudge plod on, like a pack-  
 " horse, under the burden of his learned lum-  
 " ber, and though he get ever so far in the  
 " road of science, your sprightly men of parts,  
 " like high-mettled steeds, will overtake him  
 " without labour, and out-run him without  
 " toil."

But, to pursue the allusion, it shou'd be re-  
 membered that these fiery coursers have got a  
 bad trick of tiring, while the steady creature,  
 who has substantial strength as well as spirits,  
 will be most likely to leave them behind him  
 at last. In other words, the progress of these  
 rapid wits seldom bears any proportion to their  
 first sallies ; after a few short efforts they are  
 too apt to loiter and faint, and suffer themselves  
 to be surpassed by the constant and regular  
 perseverance of slower understandings.

The misfortune is that (as I hinted before)  
 a word ill understood, and worse applied, too  
 frequently passes for a profound reason. Good  
 parts can mean nothing but a memory ready  
 to receive, and faithful to retain the ideas  
 stored up in it ; or a strong inclination and  
 predisposition towards literature : But these  
 will be of little service towards attaining a  
 habit

habit of thinking closely, writing clearly, or speaking properly, without practice and custom. For what end can a memory answer that is supplied with nothing to remember? and a bare desire of attaining knowledge, if not gratified by a right use of the faculties of the mind in the pursuit of it, will be only a perpetual source of uneasiness, as useless to the inactive man of genius, as painful.

Nay, the talent of Invention itself, which is most likely to answer the confused description they give us of good parts, and for which the mind seems least indebted to use, will be found upon a nearer view to spring from the same fountain, though by a more secret channel.

The fictions of the Poets, however supposed to be spun from their own brain, must be conformable to probability, and consequently drawn from the nature of things, otherwise they will be regarded as mishapen, monstrous productions, the wild and incoherent roavings of fancy.

Not to mention that the most irregular of their flights owe their strength and success to Practice. In it's first excursions the imagination, like a young eagle, cautiously flutters on trembling pinions unobserved, 'till emboldened by exercise it towers aloft to such a daring height as to become not only gazed, but wondered at.

The



The Smarts and pretty fellows themselves, who sparkle amid their little circle of admirers when upon their favourite topics, (*viz.*) The flavishness of imitators, tyranny of custom, and prejudice of education, owe the poor stock of good things they utter to a happy memory, or the having accustomed themselves to indulge gay turns of vivacity, and delight in lively fallies of pertness.

Every thing in the material world comes to perfection by slow degrees, and these sanguine applauders of nature counter-act her in being too impatient to wait for a gradual advancement in the intellectual world. — Surely it is full as absurd to imagine any one can start up a complete scholar all at once, as to imagine any plant should bud, bloom, flourish, and ripen all at the same time.

The chief abettors of these kind of sentiments are the giddy, thoughtless creatures, whose inexperience tempts them to rely too much on the vigour of their natural sagacity : who set out with unabated ardor in the morn of life, and dream nothing of the clouds which may arise to obscure their Day ; but with a heady confidence expect a victory over every thing they deign to undertake without a contest, and grasp at lawrels before they have taken any proper steps to attain the goal. Such

Such precipitate attempts may by frequent miscarriages be corrected into caution, and by mortifying disappointments be taught the necessity of methodical gradations and preparatory measures.

Miracles are without any dispute ceased in modern times, and we know of no persons in our days peculiarly marked out by an extraordinary designation for some particular profession; and the acquisition of the sciences seems to have depended upon a well-applied industry in all ages.

When EUCLID, the great collector and improver, if not the founder of the elements of Geometry, was asked by the PTOLOMY who then reigned in *Egypt*, whether there was not a shorter and more compendious method of attaining that art than he had pointed out? he is said to have answered, that "He knew of no  
" nearer cut which could be opened for the  
" service of kings, who must travel the same  
" great road to knowledge with the meanest  
" of their subjects."

The same and excellence that arises to it's height by gradual advances is most likely to continue, as all animals are observed to live longer in proportion to the time they take in coming to their full growth.

As

As some are apt to fly out of the tracks of learning through an impatience of study, others desert them from a kind of intellectual cowardice.

Some who have attained to superior eminence in their profession, or raised a reputation in any particular science, are too much used to exalt their own merits, and deter all competitors from treading the same paths of fame, by representing every difficulty as more formidable than they really found it, and magnifying every obstacle they met with ; as victorious generals break down the bridges they have passed, block up every avenue they found easy of access, and heap up mounds and fortifications to make the ways they have gone impassable, and prevent any other from following them in the road to conquest.

But these pusillanimous candidates for glory, who suffer themselves to be thus deceived, should reflect that the strength of their abilities may not only be known, but improved by the trial of them, and however difficult it may be to excel, the honour of overcoming that difficulty is still greater ; fame is the recompence of labour, and a vigorous continuance of it seldom fails of success.

One



One great foundation of the wrong notions many entertain with regard to the use of industry in acquiring knowledge is, that they mistake reading, which is commonly called study, for real application; and finding much poring over books often of little service, are apt to conclude that learning must arise from some in-born faculty, which cannot be lost by those on whom this natural gift is bestowed, nor gained by those who are not blessed with this happy endowment. But a man's eyes may wander over innumerable words, lines, pages, or even volumes, and unless, by properly exerting the natural faculties he has in common with the rest of mankind, he has acquired a good judgment to discern and digest, and a happy memory to retain what is useful, his mind will still be an unfurnished cabinet, or filled by other inlets of ideas with any trifles which happen to strike his fancy.

Not he who reads as a mere unconcerned spectator of what is before his eyes, or rather who cheats himself as well as others into the belief of his being a hard student, because he dozes over some author eight hours a day; but he who accustoms himself to a train of thinking regularly, canvassing the opinions of others which occur to him, and deducing just consequences from them, will make a progress in knowledge.

It is the observation of the peculiar excellencies of the best writers, and the exercise of our faculties in applying properly their sentiments, and our pens in imitating their language, which must polish and adorn our stile it becomes a smooth mirror, that reflects the exact image of our thoughts, and brightens them in the reflection.

The deep-read Academic, who reads only, tho' he understands PHALARIS or PLINY, if his pen has laid too long idle, will be outdone by every ordinary Tradesman, or illiterate Mechanic, whose business has led him into an extensive correspondence, even in enditing a common epistle.

This puts me in mind of an old school-master (who, like a rough Diamond, had the sterling value, tho' not the polish of learning) whose constant advice to his pupils at their departure for the university was, "Use your pen and ink, boys, no matter about what at first, but be sure to use your pen and ink."

The proper use of books is to point out a track which our thoughts may pursue, and to supply materials upon which the understanding may exercise itself with advantage.

The

The mind, that is at first too rude and volatile to bear the fatigue of long deductions and laborious researches, may yet be employed to good purpose in the gentler methods of attaining knowledge, which are of equal efficacy, tho' their advances are slower; just as the native *Indians* could pick up the gold that was gradually washed down their rivers, tho' the labour of digging it out of the mine, and extracting it from the ore, was reserved for the more experienced *Europeans*.

The profound philologist, who is a critic in all the antient languages, and glories in having made himself master of the keys which unlock all the treasures of the East and the stores of learning; whenever he peeps out of his studious retirement into the busy world, for want of some practice in his mother-tongue, will be run down by every little coffee-house orator, and find himself an ill match for even empty volubility improved by use, and backed with assurance.

All things, that are new to us, at first seem awkward and difficult, time makes them familiar and easy to us: repeated acts by degrees ripen into settled habits, and the mind will scarcely be drawn to forsake a course in which it is habitually confirmed without great difficulty, as bodies in motion require a superior force to make them change their first direction.



It must be owned, the soul is too active to remain entirely idle, unless a long habit of sloth has grown upon it and benumbed its faculties; the great danger is, that it should waste it's powers in an useless or pernicious employment, which is worse, if possible, than none; for according to the famous turn, which PLINY has dignified with the title of a wise joke;

*Melius est otiosum esse quam nihil agere.*

Ep. IX. Lib. I.

*It is better to be quite inactive, than active to no purpose.*

ORRERY.

The inactivity here recommended is only a studious solitude and learned retirement preferred to the intrusion of folly, trifling bustle, and hurry of impertinence, that contribute too much to perplex, as well as fill up the more crowded scenes of life; and by no means contains any the least apology for idleness.

MILTON has set off the same thought in a most noble and exalted manner:

—— ——— ——— *Wisdom's self*  
*Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;*  
*Where with her best nurse, contemplation,*  
*She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,*  
*That in the various bustle of resort*  
*Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,*

COMUS.

The mind that is neglected will soon appear, like the *field of the slothful*, in the eye of the wise man, over-grown with thorns, and covered with nettles, with it's fence broken down; choaked up with follies, over-run with vices, and open to the inroad of every tumultuous passion.

HORACE has set before us a good example of emulation that deserves to be universally imitated, when he challenges his steward to try who could be most industriously successful in his respective culture, and which shou'd be kept in the best order, his mind, or his estate.

*Villice sylvarum & mihi me reddentis agelli,  
Certemus spinas animone ego fortius, an tu  
Evellas agro, & melior sit Horatius, an res.*

Ep. XIV. Lib. I.

*Thou steward of my woods, and country seat,  
That gives me to myself, — — — — —  
Let us enquire, if you with happier toil  
Root out the thorns and thistles of the soil,  
Than HORACE tears his follies from his breast;  
Whether my farm, or I be cultur'd best.*

FRANCIS.

If we fancy in ourselves any extraordinary degree of capacity, this should rather be an incentive to labour than an encouragement to negligence; since we have the more reason to take care not to lose for want of cultivating the advantage of so great a blessing.

But tho' we really feel, and give proofs of an understanding superior to that of others, what demands greater caution in this case, and makes it still more an incitement to industry than an excuse for idleness, is, that the follies and even vices of ingenious men, when not checked by the exercise of reason, have been observed to be more numerous and flagrant than in those of inferior qualifications. As the weeds sprout up thicker and grow higher in proportion to the richness and luxuriance of the land which lies fallow: and, this by long neglect of tillage may become productive of noxious as well as useless plants; and at last a mere harbour of loathsome and mischievous vermin.

But after all, whatever difference may be supposed between the natural abilities of mankind, there is some reason to suspect that a greater degree of application will at length turn the balance even in favour of the weaker capacity; just as we find in the mechanic powers, the encrease of velocity abundantly supplies the want of force.

Perhaps



Perhaps it may be necessary to observe by way of apology for the singularity of some of the sentiments here advanced, that though I ascribe so much to the force of education, and allow almost an omnipotence to custom, it can be no derogation in the present case from the Author of nature; since we received our faculties from him; and the very gift included the power of using them: otherwise, (which is absurd to suppose of the source of all benevolence) they would have been bestowed to no other purpose than to have made us miserable.

I shall only add that proper employment is as necessary to preserve the vigour of the mind, as exercise contributes to the health of the body; and the particular time when the neglect of improving the faculties becomes most hurtful and pernicious in its consequences is in the prime of life,

The blight that shrivels up an opening blossom not only destroys the present blooming flower, but disappoints all the early hopes of future fruit; as well as crushes in embryo the seed that was intended to perpetuate the benefit of that flower and fruit to posterity.

This is in short, as PERICLES finely said in his funeral oration upon the brave *Athenian* youths who fell in the beginning of the *Peloponnesian* war, like cutting off the spring from the year.



UPON THE  
ORDER  
AND  
HARMONY  
OF THE  
WORLD  
AND  
CREATION

By the author of "The Principles of Morality"  
A new edition of the revised text  
with many additions and alterations  
to the original work. The book is  
now published in a new and  
improved form.



There is still a great deal of  
in the present state of the world  
and it is not yet clear what the  
future will be. The people are  
very much divided in their  
opinions.

II.  
UPON THE  
O R D E R  
AND  
H A R M O N Y  
IN THE  
W O R K S  
OF THE  
CREATION.

—— Jovis *omnia plena.* VIRGIL.

A Partial consideration of the universe is ever apt to dishonour it's great Author; and Man, weak, short-sighted man! is always more ready to distrust any thing than his own judgment.

It

It is owing to this that the order, and harmony in the works of nature, because concealed from narrow-minded views, have so often been mis-called confusion and irregularity.

The mind that is bewildered in error perversely judges of every thing from it's own mistaken notions; but would we be so kind to ourselves, and so just to nature, as to proceed with caution in our enquiries, and not pretend to more than we really know, every step would give us a greater insight into the beauties diffused over the creation, dispel those mists of false reasoning which we are involved in, and shew us the stamp of an all-wise Being impressed in the plainest characters on all his works.

The good of all his creatures is an end worthy the best as well as the wisest of all beings; and nothing can so much promote the advantage of all as to connect them together by so close a tie, that they shall be mutually subservient to each other. From those few links which we can discover of this chain of dependency between all the parts of the universe, we may fairly infer the rest; and our reasoning will never find any satisfactory foundation, till we conclude the whole is fastened to the throne of God.

What



What then in the scale of being can we pretend to call superfluous? How can we presume to arraign infinite wisdom, or with what face can we dare to set bounds to infinite power, and mark out the limits of omnipotence?

The savage beast we dread, the domestic animal that obeys our call, and the lamb we feed upon, jointly and equally promote the same great end.

The same skill was requisite to the formation of the insect, whose minuteness escapes our notice, which is displayed in the huge structure of the elephant; and the smallest reptile which we tread upon, answers the purpose for which it's existence was designed as well as the enormous bulk of the whale, which requires a sea to sport in, and yields us whole rivers of oil.

The superficial enquirers into nature among the antients might have such trifling and unworthy notions of it's Author, as to imagine he took pleasure in the production of monsters; and that the lower class of animals were created merely for his sport: but the modern improvements of natural philosophy, -founded on experiments, teach us better, and give us a juster idea of his works, than to entertain any longer such absurd fancies, as that of equivocal generation.

Every

Every part of the inanimate, as well as the animal system, exactly tallies with some other, and nothing is without it's counterpart in nature.

Every atom and particle, from the most refined substance to the dullest clod, fill up their due place in the order of things, and join together in a beautiful harmony to form that friendly union which supports the whole.

The connection and order of the general series of existence will be as much broken by striking off one of the lower as one of the upper links, for whatever is taken away must leave a disagreeable chasm which nothing but itself could fill up.

The mountains, which have by some overnice theorists been censured as shapeless protuberances, open a much more agreeable variety of prospect than the boundless extent of a flat insipid level, which would rather fatigue than please the eye: but if we consider them as yielding the best support and most commodious habitation to a great number of animals, affording the richest storehouse and repository for the fossil kingdom; giving rise to fountains, stopping and condensing vapours, with many other admirable uses; we shall be so far from wishing our globe destitute of these advantageous  
and

and majestic elevations, that we must own, their beauty alone would well compensate for their want of use, and the benefits we receive from them make us ample amends for their seeming deformity.

The winds, which some of too delicate a frame are apt to shudder at, and which blow in such a variety of directions, and with such different degrees of force, from the gentle breeze that fans the grove to the destructive hurricane which overturns it, that they seem only fortuitous instruments of mischief, yet are produced by regular causes for the most beneficial purposes.

In their ordinary course, they sweep away the stagnant vapours that are grown unfit for the service of the globe, and bring on a fresh succession of purer air; they transport our ships to the remotest regions, and make us partakers of the blessings which are scattered with such wise profusion over the whole earth. In their extraordinary effects, when the destroying Angel directs the whirlwind where to pour its force, we hear the voice of heaven reading us an alarming lesson of our dependence; yet at the same time, this more effectually clears and purifies the air, and fills our reservoirs with sudden showers.

Thus



Thus we see, whatever damage may sometimes happen to particulars from the violence of the tempest, the whole is by no means able to subsist for any length of time, without the good offices of these excellent agents, which may be called the wings of commerce; and the ventilators of the whole atmosphere.

The blemishes minute philosophers are so ready to spy out in the works of nature, are only owing to defects in their own understandings; just as the films and motes, that seem to float in the air before a weak eye, are only the effect of a disorder in the organ of vision, without any defect in the object which is so unjustly censured.

Nay clouds and fogs, which some peevish mortals look upon as blots on the fair face of day, screen us from excessive heat; and it is to these we owe the dews that cheer the drooping plant, and those refreshing rains that fertilize the soil.

Fire

Fire and air pervade all bodies, but seem particularly to abound in certain minerals, perhaps sulphur and nitre : from the joint operation of these active principles, water, the general vehicle of nutrition, is by a most admirable mechanism raised up and suspended in the atmosphere, and the great work of evaporation perpetually carried on. But tho' the water is brought thus far into the road of it's general circulation, the activity of the mineral particles with which it is impregnated must be again exerted to dis-unite it from the other elements, and restore it to it's pristine form, before it can descend in showers and fulfil the course mark'd out for it by providence.

The mountains and winds, which have been already touched upon, greatly contribute to this good purpose. But hence likewise the vollied thunder strikes the ear with terror, while a great quantity of the imprisoned vapor bursts out from it's confinement, and thick flashes of lightning spread horror and consternation all around.

These in general by the production of winds, the collision of clouds, and purification of the air are absolutely necessary to the being, as well as productive of the well-being of the world ; tho' it must be owned  
G they

they are sometimes the heralds of divine wrath to alarm and admonish mankind, and at others the ministers of vengeance to point the flash, and wing the bolt with ruin; yet they can no more be reasonably objected to, nor wisely left out of the creation on this account, than we can subsist without the beating of the heart, and the circulation of the blood; tho' providence may sometimes permit the full flow of health to encrease to the rapidity of a fever, and the means of continuing health threaten us with destruction.

The same universally useful and active, tho' accidentally dangerous principles, while inclosed within the bowels of the earth, with a force in proportion to the resistance they meet with, shake the ground with tremendous convulsions, and bury numbers of mankind in the promiscuous ruin of their habitations. Yet in these, however dreadful, nature, like a prudent merchant who suffers his goods to be thrown over-board in a storm, and parts with his fortune to save his life, permits a lesser evil to secure a greater good. For without the elasticity of the air, the vehicle of water, and the actuating vigour of fire, as well as the firm basis of earth, vegetation and nutrition must be at a stand, and all creation sink into an utter dissolution.

Were



Were these powerful minerals, which perhaps have laid dormant for ages, to remain for ever latent in their subterraneous caverns, they would not only be inert, but useless; but when they are blended together by the general medium of water, they awaken each other into action, and make the water thus impregnated diffuse a genial warmth and vigour wherever it flows, bring ore to maturity, give beauty and lustre to the gem, and tincture the cup of health.

These horrid struggles of pent up elements, which rend the labouring earth rather than not be produced into use, and bear the part assigned them in promoting the general good, resemble those medicines which are severe in their operations upon the human frame, and occasion great commotions in the animal economy; yet while they threaten us with ruin their shocks are productive of welfare, and instrumental in the hand of providence to health.

Had the principles which produce these violent agitations, and accidentally prove the seeds of earthquakes and lightning, when heaven directs them to scatter destruction; had these, I say, no place in the creation, instead of a few blasted fields or travellers, instead of a village overwhelm'd or a city swallowed up,

*The great globe itself,  
Yea, all that it inhabit must dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabrick of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.*

SHAKESPEAR'S *Tempest*.

To guard particularly against the ill consequences arising from this subterraneous war of elements, in the countries which are most stored with them, providence has kindly placed certain openings through which the struggling fires may be dispersed in air, and spend their fury in less pernicious explosions; which if confined in the womb of the earth would make nature tremble thro' all her frame: Just as issues in the corporeal system of man give vent to humours, which inclosed in his blood would endanger his life, and perhaps terminate in his immature dissolution.

Volcanos, it is true, are sometimes so far from being innocent eruptions, that they pour out a burning flood, which lays waste the neighbouring country, rain fiery stones upon it, and bury it under heaps of ashes. Yet however they may be murmured and repined at as plagues and calamities, they are in reality the means of security and preservation; as the drop of poison in the viper's tooth, which is necessary to procure food for that animal, may by an accidental bite prove the means of death, tho

tho' the nutritious flesh of it restores many to health.

When we look back upon these phenomena, we can have no doubt of the benevolence, as well as the power, and wisdom of their Author. The snow yields a kindly warmth and gradual moisture to the ground like wool; and the frost which is scattered upon it manures it like ashes. Justly is God said in the elevated language of the holy scriptures, "to make the clouds his chariot, to fly upon the wings of the wind, to remove the foundations of the earth, and make it tremble at his presence." But tho' we are afraid of the voice of his thunder, and dismay'd at his lightning shot forth like arrows, it is no small consolation to reflect, "that fire and air, hail and vapour, wind and storm are only fulfilling their great Creator's word,"

To conclude; nothing in the whole chain of being is without it's use, because nothing could be created without the concurrence of such infinite power and wisdom, as it is absurd to imagine should be employed about any thing not productive of some singular good. The same admirable design and contrivance, the same order and harmony are displayed in the brightest characters over every part of the creation, from the fine texture



ture of the mite to the stupendous fabrick of the solar system.

The least motion in any part of the universe must obey the invariable laws appointed it, or it would draw on a train of ill consequences, which would shock the whole system far beyond the most complicated horrors that could possibly be produced by the agency of natural causes, and which nothing but the interposition of the Deity could prevent.

Praise, wonder, and gratitude are our province; censure, and correction of the operations of nature will never become us, 'till a finite creature can comprehend infinity, and one hid in this vale of darkness shall be able to spy out every secret spring that actuates the boundless whole; 'till he can extend his view

*Extra flammantia mœnia mundi;*

LUC.

*Beyond the flaming barriers of the world;*

ROWE.

and take in all that immense ocean of being, of which he himself makes so inconsiderable a part, as would be over-look'd by any thing less than that omniscience, and unbounded goodness he so insolently arraigns, and so impotently endeavours to scan.

III. ON

# III

## ON THE

# DANGER

## AND

## III. Consequences

## OF

# DETRACTION

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The 24th 1870

The 24th 1870



# III. ON THE DANGERS

## AND III Consequences

### OF DETRACTION.

————— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,  
Qui non defendit alio culpante ; solutos  
Qui captat Risus hominum, famamque dicacis ;  
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere  
Qui nequit, hic niger est.* ————— HOR.

SO prone to the detestable vice of Detraction is the disposition of mankind, and in some minds its malignant influence so forcibly exerts itself, that it breathes a sovereign ascendancy, and triumphs in all the pomp of a ruling passion.

The

The supreme delight of too many in the world is the impertinent pleasure of ridicule and raillery, and so pleasing to their debauched conceptions are the sensations arising from that source, that they give them the most exquisite feelings and most refined complacency. So long as their fancy can expatiate in the too extensive region of folly, and their over delicate sense dwell upon the misconduct of others, who are perhaps rather objects of compassion, than ridicule, they feel a tranquility within, the bent of their inclination is indulged, and each craving void abundantly satisfied. They so deeply imbibe the draught of spleen and ill-nature, that the chalice, how capacious soever, is exhausted to the dregs, and the unsavoury composition greedily swallowed down, and then, regardless either of time or circumstances, an unwarrantable loose is given to their malice, and a boundless licence to their satyric inclination. Whatever objects start to their view, however sacred the profession, or dignified the person, with precipitance they dart at the quarry, and for the fordid indulgence of a loquacious humour sacrifice their claim to politeness, forget every obligation of religion, and forfeit every distinguishing characteristic of an exalted soul.

It is needless to dwell upon these considerations, which, I am persuaded, are ungrateful to, and deservedly contemn'd by every ingenious

nuous disposition. A man of a truly religious cast of mind can no more endure such a meanness in his own species, than he can bear contumelious reflections upon his holy religion; these despicable wretches, who dare taste agreeable sensations from splenetic malice or satyric ill-nature, will, without any hesitation, subject the most sacred truths to ridicule and raillery, and make that, which is the admiration of Angels, to be the jest of fools.

This is a vice, which is most apt to engender in low and despicable souls; true greatness discards it, and the beaming splendour of affability and good-nature, like too warm a sun, scorches it up. It is not only dissonant to the suggestions of reason, but is expressly forbid by the commands of a religion, whose basis is love.

We shou'd be cautious of a rash and precipitate judgment of peoples merits, from the danger that attends us, when we give too unbounded liberty to our censures upon others; for if prejudice biasses and distorts our benevolence, if ill-natured constructions blacken, or inbred rancour mis-represent the actions of our neighbours, they threaten us with an equal retaliation, if not from the world, from what ought to be our greatest concern, the vindictive judgment of a righteous God.

A false



A false representation of other peoples actions is by no means entitled to the slenderest pretence for mercy; nor can God, 'tho' infinite in goodness, extend his arms of compassion to the delinquent. This may seem harsh at first sight, and perhaps by many, but undoubtedly by those it chiefly concerns, be call'd a wicked and heterodox doctrine, limiting the goodness, and circumscribing the mercy of God. But I am persuaded upon a nearer view, and closer attention, it will be owned consistent both with the dictates of revelation, and the light of nature. For, that we may examine into the truth of the proposition, how can frail man, who knows not the secrets of the heart, whose understanding is blinded by passion, whose liberty is thwarted by will, and whose judgement is misguided by erroneous conclusions; how can he read the process of other peoples minds, the intention of their actions, or the motives which engage their approbation to one thing rather than another? And especially, how can he discover the mote which is in his brother's eye, when perhaps there is a beam in his own eye; or with what probable certainty can he estimate the number, cause, or nature of other mens offences, which bear as small a proportion to his own as a mote to a beam, which he passes unregarded, and brings not to the tribunal of his own judgment, nor the correction of his own reproach. In such circumstances

stances from what infallible premises can he draw his conclusion? Not surely from positive evidence, but from presumptive conjecture: and if such slender circumstances induce him to draw ill-natured constructions, from what source can we possibly derive them, but from a malevolent intention, studious to blacken the lives of his fellow creatures, and solicitous of every opportunity to propagate malicious, and imaginary falsehoods? But certainly this is diametrically opposite to that charity, which as christians we ought to practice, and as children of the same Father, our Father who is in heaven, we ought mutually to exert.

Still to dwell upon the bad side of things, even supposing there is room for complaint, is by no means a christian disposition; and always to take a pleasure in discovering the failings of others by no means that brotherly kindness which is enjoined us by heaven. To descant indeed upon the faults of our neighbours which are publick, and notorious, is no crime; because thereby we may arm others against the fatal effects consequent upon such criminal courses, and beget in ourselves a detestation of such flagrant offences. But to rejoyce in iniquity, and to feel a complacency within at the repetition of a man's vices, is indeed an argument of a depraved disposition; for "keen and uninterrupted glances of censure, says an ingenious author, proceed generally

nerally from a dark involved temper, like flashes of lightning from a gloomy sky."

As if born to find fault, and as if the whole business of their lives were censoriousness and spleen; too many pride themselves in the exercise of a carping spirit, and prefer the acuteness, with which they spy out the faults of other men, to a radiant assemblage of virtues in themselves. If every new day can only bring new Subjects of reproach, they triumph in their superior good fortune, and plume themselves in their unrivalled dexterity and address. A continued application to this darling mystery gives them so profound a knowledge therein, and makes them such extraordinary adepts, that if their conversation in the world is defective in fresh objects, fruitful in scandal, and teeming in malice, they invent deformities of their own, and father upon the world vices of the brain and visions of the imagination. With these they brand the reputation of others, whose lives, it may be, are as entirely innocent of such vices, as when they first drew the breath of life; but because they have perhaps in some instances inadvertently slipped, their characters must be sullied with the keenest reproaches of morose invective, and contaminated with the blackest inventions of malicious spleen.

This



This is the darling passion of too many whose lives are one continued scene of idleness and vice; and indeed they must be singularly vicious, who can sit down, and out of the abundance of a wicked heart strain their inventions, and torture their imaginations, to form such ghastly appearances of sin, as the world never saw; and amazingly idle to find leisure to insinuate them afterwards into the attentive ear of a slander-breeding world. To form their horrid creations they must doubtless have recourse to some originals to copy from; for without archetypes in nature we should be barren of ideas, and to compose, digest, and arrange ideas when got, demands greater labour and attention than these wretches have either patience to undergo, or understanding to surmount. For none of a refined or liberal education prostitute their reason to such ignoble purposes, they are reserved for more exalted ends; while the mean and unmanly souls, which are debauched by the prejudice of education, by visionary novels, and chimerical romances, imbibe *utopian* legends, and imaginary falsehoods, the grand arsenal of all their impositions. To these then they must fly for materials to work upon, where, perhaps from a vicious association of ideas, they may find an inexhaustible fund of ingredients for a detestable character, or from a false theory in reasoning, like a jaundiced eye, imagine every thing they see participates the same complaint.

This

This then must surely be the original source of spleen and invective, from whence we may deduce every contumelious expression, and conclude, that to dwell upon the failings of other people is an infallible indication of our own depravity.

Would these people often retire into their own bosoms, and survey the little world within, seriously weighing the final causes and effects of their most secret actions, and boldly criticizing even their most meritorious performances, they might perhaps find a larger void of thinking, and a wider compass of folly than what they so strenuously rail at in others. But even supposing there was no such dreary scene, and their consciences were perfectly calm; why should they maliciously spread false reports of any person, and designedly blast the reputation, that *immediate jewel of the soul*? To a good man the miscarriages of his neighbour suggest the melancholy ideas of human weakness in general, but no spiteful and venomous reflections against his weakness in particular. Far from exulting over his fallen worth, he views his downfall with a generous pity, and warned by it works out his own salvation with fear and trembling.

To add to the miseries of the distressed by scorn and insult, is the vilest, as well as meanest

meanest employment of the rational faculties; it is upbraiding them for what they cannot possibly avoid, and is doing what a good man would detest from his heart. But to a wicked man whom neither religion awes, honour binds, nor conscience controuls; whose character is already lost to the world, and whose life is so notoriously vicious, that even the refuse of the people disclaim correspondence with him, to spread censorious and uncharitable reports to the disadvantage of his neighbour, is the darling employment of his thoughts, and the most consummate enjoyment of his rational faculties. When any person, who in the main has led a good life, contrary to the general tenor of it is guilty of some unaccountable weakness, with what triumph does he plume himself, with what exultation does he cry, "How is the mighty fallen! He immediately accuses him of wickedness which he does not know to be true, and censures him for, what he cannot know to be true, his intention and the thoughts of his heart.

But there is another set of people, who with the most sanctimonious looks, and the greatest pretensions to religion, scandalously prostitute their professions of goodness to the unmanly satisfaction of censorious ill-nature. With all the appearance of godliness in their countenances, and all the expressions of religion on their tongues, from the malevolent suggestions

H

of



of a bad heart, they forcibly dis-unite the strongest connections, violently sever the endearments of nature, and irreparably tear the bonds of society, by disingenuous representations, malicious reproaches and false reports. Studious to blacken the reputation of others, under the specious mask of religion they cast oblique hints, insinuate their failings, and intimate more than they are willing to express. From their confined way of thinking, they are unable to calculate the consequences of things, and from their narrow apprehensions are incapable of judging of events, by which means they gratify their appetite of slander, and satiate their lust of malice, without regard to place, time or circumstances. But whatever pretensions to religion they may boast, and however they may pride themselves upon the sincerity of their hearts, the purity of their principles and the sedateness of their consciences, they are but vain boastings and noisy pride, the venom of adders is under their tongues, the rancour of evil in their hearts, and vain-glory in their religion.

It is more than a presumptive argument, when a man rails with uncommon vehemence and incessantly dwells upon any given vice, that the bent of his inclination turns this way, the byass of his disposition favours it, and his practice of life confirms it. Always to sully and cast in clouds the character of others, allowing

allowing some failings may diminish it's perfection, is neither an argument of an honest mind nor candid disposition. A truly good man would palliate the imprudent fallies of his neighbour, extenuate his follies, endeavour by good-natured intimations to correct his failings, and pity what he could not amend.

There is another class of people, who under the appearance, and with all the profession of friendship, insinuate themselves into the innermost recesses of our souls, read all the workings and secrets of those sacred repositories, and then make use of them to blacken our characters in the world, and depreciate the sovereign excellency of our nature. They are such consummate adepts in the art of obsequiousness, that while they practice all the cant which it suggests, their fraudulent intentions pass unsuspected, and their artful insinuations go glibly down. They practise so dexterously the science of deceit, that the most penetrating sagacity can hardly detect, and the greatest circumspection with difficulty discover their impositions.

To teach us to be upon our guard against such deceptions, it may be of use to distinguish betwixt the obsequious and truly affable man. Affability is a good-natured complacency, and agreeable disposition of temper, desirous of other peoples welfare, without any mean or

selfish view : But obsequiousness is an artful hypocrisy, adorned with the finest flowers of address, having always some sinister design couched under a fair outside, and some fraudulent intention, under the strongest professions of friendship. Nothing is more common than to find imperfections of this kind ; and if ever the sycophant steals into the heart of the person he practices upon, the persuasions of his friends will never induce him to discredit his pretended veracity : He will be firmly attached to him, and will listen to his *Syren's* song of adulation, regardless of the admonitions of his well-wishers 'till soothing blandishments have allured him to inevitable ruin, and fulsome applauses have compleated his destruction.

This is the practice of too many who pretend to dedicate their lives to the service of their friends, and make every action tend to their interest ; but if ever misfortunes, the touch-stone betwixt affability and obsequiousness, damp their hopes of a promised harvest, tho' they flutter around us in the meridian of our fortunes, yet they will then vanish, like insects from the setting sun. The friendship of many persons, being only bargains of self-interest, survive no longer when means of requital fail ; and then deaf to every connection in nature, and obstinate against  
the



the workings of humanity, they break the magic which they practiced, disclaim the friendships they pretended, deal deceitfully, and as the stream of brooks they pass away.



H 3

IV. ON

the workings of humanity, they break the  
magic which they practiced, disclaim the  
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and as the stream of books they pass away.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IV.

ON THE  
GOVERNMENT  
OF THE  
THOUGHTS.

*Animum rege, qui nisi paret*

*Imperat.* — — — Hor.

**T**HE most curious and accurate inquirers into the structure of the animal body, and the organization of parts which constitute our material frame, are still at a loss to account for the use of many parts discovered by their dissections, though they can separate them very minutely.

Much the same kind of defect appears in moral anatomy. So fine are the ties that connect these parts, which are so different, yet so nearly allied to each other, the soul and body, that they are entirely invisible even to the mind's eye, and are only known by those



wonderful effects of sympathy we are perpetually sensible of between them : just as the corporeal eye, which is contrived to shew us every thing else, is yet unable to look into itself.

The superiority of the human soul to the mere sentient principle of brutes, though they have many sensible qualities in common with us, and some in a more exquisite degree, has been long observed ; and is judiciously distinguished by the moral satirist, who speaking of beasts says,

— *indulfit communis conditor illis*

*Tantum ANIMAS, nobis ANIMUM quoque.*

JUV. SAT. XV.

The seat of the soul has been long a topick of dispute, and still remains so ; and the seat of particular faculties seems as much undetermined. DES CARTES, the famous French Philosopher, assigned a small portion of the brain, which stands single and solitary, while the rest of it consists of parts corresponding with each other, for the seat of the soul, from the simplicity of its actions agreeing with the unity of the *pineal Gland* : but he might with full as good reason have pitched upon the nose in preference to the ears and eyes. HELMONT placed it in the stomach  
only

only from its exquisite sensation, and our great HARVEY in the blood from it's innate warmth. I see no reason to suppose that this *divine particle* is not diffused through all and every part of our *microcosm*; as the Deity presides in, and directs every part of the greater world.

Yet from the particular parts the faculties of the mind have commonly, however unjustly, been ascribed to, certain metaphors have become familiar in most languages. The thinking power is generally assigned to the head; and the will, together with the train of passions which actuate it, placed in the heart. The French moralists are extremely fond of ringing changes on the heart and understanding *Coeur & L'Esprit*; and many writers have drawn contrasts between the head and heart.

'Tis hard to say whether the thinking faculty was supposed to reside in the brain for a better reason, than because the head was found to ache by a strong exertion of thought; and perhaps the will and passions might be imagined to lodge in the breast, because the vigour with which the members could obey the dictates of the will, was owing to the force of the heart keeping up the circulation, and the passions were particularly found to affect the motion of the blood.

Whatever

Whatever becomes of these conjectures, the common forms of speaking allow us to say, that from the heart proceed those desires which are the incentives to action; some of which urge man on to the perpetration of such things as disgrace the dignity of his nature, and fully the distinguishing excellency of the human breast.

But would men set centinels to guard the avenues which lead from the heart, they would intercept the officious suggestions of the will, and thereby prevent the frequent commission of sin prompted by it's malevolent impulses; for he that wills the commission of sin, and indulges the thought of it in his mind, is thereby as guilty of it, as if the most melancholy catastrophe had attended the perpetration. This even the Pagans by the bare light of nature were convinced of; for their sentiments of the matter are conveyed to us in a manner intirely agreeable to christianity in a very noble, I had almost said sacred satyr.

*Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,  
Facti crimen habet. — JUV. SAT. XIII.*

He that is prevented by the fear of God from reducing his evil thoughts to practice will not give a free and uncontrouled loose to them in speculation; it is rather therefore the dread



dread of what the world will say that operates so strongly upon the minds of many, and compels them contrary to the bent of their own inclinations to be virtuous: for if there was no scandal consequent upon vice, and no secular justice to punish villainy, an inundation of wickedness would hurry all before it, and overwhelm in it's fury all sense of religion.

The soul is ever busy and at work, will suffer no pause, no suspension of thought, and in the continued circle of it's thinking it is sometimes impossible to hinder irregular, fantastic, evil thoughts from rising in the mind;

*As where's the temple into which foul things  
Will not sometimes intrude?* MILTON.

But their natural propensity to evil leads men too often to cultivate an intimate familiarity with such thoughts, and finally work them into practice to the destruction of their fellow-creatures as well as themselves.

For as the judgment of man is so slender, his caprice, and his passions so strong, 'tis no wonder if his misguided reason forms unjust ideas, and his predominant sense erroneous calculations. When passion and prejudice  
bear

bear the ascendant, vision and chimera are imposed upon his reason for substantial realities, and things productive of ruin and destruction bear the visage and deportment of profit and advantage. And thus being a dupe to domineering appetites, and a slave to the illegal impulses of the imagination, he embraces a viper in his bosom, and recommends it to the public, while it is gnawing the very vitals of society.

By not guarding with sufficient diligence the heart, we may be instrumental in the ruin of society, and accessory to the desolation of the public, even when we mean to support its interest and maintain its glory. Would men govern their vagrant disorderly thoughts, consequent upon a playing, wandering life, and discipline their reason by watchfulness, meditation, and recollection; they would defeat the efforts of officious will, and subject their passions to the mild administration of reason. But while they indulge themselves in the airy regions of gaiety and pleasure, and fleet alternately from one scene of amusement to another, 'tis no wonder if judgment be lost in a lethargic stupefaction, and piety be buried in an abyss of sensuality. For when the mind so eagerly pants after an uninterrupted succession of gaiety, it narrows and contracts the native largeness of its faculties, and brings it down to a poor set of childish notions

notions which wean it from noble, and august considerations. Hence it grows giddy with silly joys, is burdened with imaginary cares, is fretful when separated from publick assemblies, and anxious 'till it mingles in the nothingness of what we call genteel life. Thus, 'tis no wonder if in the round of senseless enjoyments the awful impulses of reason be entirely disregarded, which never exert their vigour but when judgment presides within, and watchfulness barrs the entrance to the heart against intruding passion and capricious will; and 'till then, how firm soever the fundamentals of society may seem, it's basis may be over-whelmed by the means used to support it, and the blessings it bestows buried in it's ruins.

But, what above all is destructive of the weal of society, is a depravation of morals, and infidelity in religion: These, as they are the grand hinges upon which all public and private welfare depend, are productive of a glorious scene of happiness and success, or of a melancholy train of misfortunes and afflictions, in consequence of the respect they meet with in the world. Men, it must be acknowledged, in their present circumstances, have a strong tendency and propension to things in their nature wrong; and the passion of vain-glory is so strong in their breasts, that in human contingences whatever is laudable and great they



they ascribe to their own sagacity, † and never admit into their scheme the wisdom of God, or the superintendence of Providence. This indeed may not so much proceed from the pride of the heart, as from the malignant influence of bad books, which instead of ennobling the soul with generous sentiments, fill the imagination by describing lust with it's incentives and allurements under the most engaging colours; and 'tis then the bad principles of an author are attended with the worst effects; for by bold metaphors, strong paintings, and lively imagery, the senses are always bribed, and if by their interest depraved performances can get access to, or procure an audience from the soul, they instil their poison most effectually, and their impure and immodest ideas go glibly down. Thus when men are once won by their delicate allusions and enervating eloquence to the cause of vice, 'tis no wonder if every impression of religion be erased from their minds, and that become the jest of fools which, is the wonder and admiration of Angels. For when once a person listens with pleased attention to the idle ribaldry and debauched expressions of prostituted wit, where a bright assemblage of airy ideas are couched under the luxuriance of verbiage, 'tis no wonder if reason becomes a dupe to imagination, and the reverence

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† Vid. Reflections upon incredulity *passim*.

reverence due to GOD give way to the clamorous callings of importunate appetites. In this case how widely inconsistent with the good of society will the life and actions of such a one be? For the foundation of social happiness and public tranquility confessedly subsists by an august veneration of the DEITY, and a public acknowledgement of our dependence upon him; and if ever such sentiments are defaced in our minds, regardless of every connection in nature, we shall inevitably act in conformity to our inclination, and the lawless commands of tyrannical affections, which will by no means coincide with the interest of the whole, or the good of society.

Thus we find, that an unwearyed attention to the workings of the mind in matters of religion is indispensably incumbent upon mankind, if they have the slenderest regard for the welfare of mutually connected individuals. For if proper restrictions be not laid upon the will, it will frequently burst out into every evil attendant upon frenzy and enthusiasm, which will subvert every scheme of politics, and overwhelm every system of religion. Impetuous in their career they will still surmount every opposing difficulty, baffle every effort meant to withstand them, and end not till they have utterly abolished every religious benefit, and every social advantage.

But

But if we even confine this speculation within the breast of each individual, we shall find that the thoughts, unless strictly guarded, and prudently regulated, may be of the most detrimental consequences ; but particularly after any disaster. For then not being intirely free, shocked with gloomy ideas of our misfortunes, they may give us up a prey to melancholy, and thereby heighten our real afflictions by the ghastly appearance of imaginary greivances. They may flash upon us with the dreadful retinue of complicated misery, when supinely sitting in a pensive posture with folded arms brooding over our woes, and almost sunk into a settled despair. Our reason being then suspended, our imagination will dwell upon and heighten those gloomy ideas, the imagery of a melancholy fancy, and the chimera of a distempered brain : and sometimes when the rational faculty is darkened by the fumes of melancholy, our minds may be haunted with blasphemous thoughts, which require a more vigorous opposition, and a more manly resolution to get rid of, than a man under oppression and despondency can possibly exert ; for when so confirmed a lethargy has lull'd their reason asleep, 'tis not one single effort will rouse it to it's former activity and alertness, it must be effected gradually by innocent entertainments, agreeable company, and moderate exercise.

Indeed



Indeed to mourn for our misfortunes is what as men we cannot help ; but then by checking the inordinate sallies of lamentation, by the prudent suggestions of reason, and moderation, we reduce the over-bearing waves of grief to gentle eddies ; and make that which threatened us with inevitable destruction finally end in an humble subservience and patient resignation to the will of our creator. The first transport of passion is excusable, because intirely compatible with the nature of humanity : 'tis only an unbounded and inconsolable sorrow, which is an enemy to our nature, and displeasing in the sight of God. For by indulging the bursts of sorrow we add strength to their force, which will in time hurry us away in the torrent, and establish our wretchedness in a confirmed melancholy, which may finally terminate in the most terrible catastrophe : and if a deplorable exit finish our existence here through pining discontent and heart-breaking affliction, what more favourable judgment can we expect at the awful tribunal of Heaven, than if we unnaturally severed the union of soul and body ? \*

I

Angry

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\* To some this doctrine may appear new, too rigorous, and not absolutely agreeable to the attributes of the Deity, who comprehends in himself an infinite goodness, able and willing to extend happiness and pardon to all his creatures ; but to shew that I am not singular in my opinion, the ingenious Mr. SEED has fully examined the argument in his sermons upon resignation, to which the Reader is referred.

Angry thoughts likewise ought strenuously to be guarded against, as being sworn enemies to the happiness of mankind. To moderate this passion, and render it subservient to prudence and discretion, is indispensably incumbent upon every man, to whom peace of mind, and the preservation of Health are engaging. For where anger is the predominant passion, or where it bursts out in loud and tempestuous hurricanes, it discomposes the tranquility within; and where the gusts are so violent, it incapacitates a man for the social endearments by making him uneasy to himself, and disagreeable to those about him. To regulate this passion then is what reason dictates, religion commands, and prudence recommends: And as it is an irreconcilable adversary to the principal constituents of an happy life, methinks we should need no other inducement to set bounds to it's overflowings. For tho' it may answer some good purposes, that the *tempest* should sometimes *rage and swell*; yet it will certainly overwhelm us, if we suffer it to get so far out of our power, that we can no longer say, *hitherto thou shalt come, and no farther.*

The suggestions of pride likewise ought most cautiously to be guarded against, being destructive of every enjoyment: for how can happiness be compatible with the proud aspirations of those men, who like a stiff-necked generation

generation contemptuously deride all the calm satisfactions of a quiet, tho' sequestered life? To spurn the heart-felt endearments of an humble state is the darling gratification of their pride; and to shine in a sublimer sphere the meteors of the world, strangers to happiness, and exposed to the severest shocks of fortune, the utmost desire of their souls, and the ruling passion in their breasts. Such an ill-placed ambition is their darling favourite, at whose shrine they dedicate their anxious hours. praying for new objects to exercise their pride; while they heedlessly barter the genuine excellence of their nature for senseless pomp and melancholy wretchedness.

Hitherto I have dwelt upon such considerations as destroy our happiness, by being contrary to some duties in morality, which are essentially requisite to the perfection of our nature: but though I have been more minute upon these points, 'tis not because they are of the greatest consequence, but because they are frequently disregarded in the common behaviour of our lives: nor would I be thought to insinuate that these alone are perfective of our nature; I am conscious that there are many others essentially requisite to finish the glorious character of a good man, against whose contraries we ought always to be armed with vigour and resolution.



From matters of practice let us pass to matters of speculation; and here some things will occur which, by a too refined or mistaken way of thinking, may from an error in theory grow into destructive principles in practice.

And first, of opinions in Religion. What ought to be more attentively considered than speculations about that which is our greatest concern? For in these days if a man be heedless how he imbibes the various opinions of a numerous swarm of sects, indiscriminately adopting their different tenets into his system of religion, 'tis no wonder if he harden into a confirmed infidel, or soften into an irresolute sceptic. Carelessly to embrace every differing opinion, without seriously considering it's nature and tendency, and to listen to it's ministers with attention unaided by consideration, may root in our minds as dangerous and discordant doctrines, as enthusiasm can invent, or fanatic zeal suggest. What is more dangerous than to imbibe that opinion which forbids all faith with heretics, branding all of a different communion with that dreadful imputation? What is more dangerous than that, which places the merit of men's lives upon faith independent of works; and pronounces that man assuredly happy, whose faith can literally remove mountains. Pretences to more than ordinary communications of the spirit  
are

are spreading themselves thro' a great part of this kingdom, and are by too many implicitly believed and credulously abetted. But by some the sacred mystery of the TRINITY, the spirituality of the HOLY GHOST, and indeed even the being of GOD himself is disbelieved and ridiculed. How fatal in their consequences such opinions as these are, the slenderest attention to the dictates of reason, and the least appeal to our own bosoms will abundantly testify. For when once a man entertains such destructive theories in his mind, or even gives them a being in imagination, it will require no great labour to stagger his wavering belief, and erase from his breast every becoming notion of the Deity; and then by not guarding the avenues to the heart, while the impulses of the will were slender, and had insinuated no impious suggestions, a train of the most melancholy circumstances may lead to a fatal catastrophe.

Again, a man ought to be most seriously attentive to metaphysical propositions before he gives his final assent to the truth; for so specious may be the terms which constitute the argument, that a most detrimental and dangerous assertion may be couched under the fallacious refinements of sophistical ingenuity. What author has laboured with greater advantage of genius than the noble author of the *Characteristicks*, and what work is more

heterodox in it's opinions, or requires a stronger antidote to arm us against the poisonous notions it inculcates \* with all the glaring embellishments of an elegant diction, and all the pompous parade of decorated eloquence ? with the insinuating blandishments of a lascivious prostitute it deludes the unwary into a labyrinth of mistake, and intoxicates his reason with falsehood and error. And indeed in many writers of this class the same holds good ; for as they use every artifice to give their hypothesis a shew of probability, a more accurate examination into their arguments than the generality of readers bestow is indispensibly requisite, that the mind may not too rashly assent to their principles, and thro' want of consideration imbibe the most erroneous and false Opinions.

## V. ON

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\* Vid. BROWN's *Essays upon the Characteristics*.



V.

OF THE

PROOFS

OF A

PUTTING STATE

The first condition under which,  
the second condition under which,  
the third condition under which,  
the fourth condition under which,  
the fifth condition under which,

the sixth condition under which,  
the seventh condition under which,  
the eighth condition under which,  
the ninth condition under which,  
the tenth condition under which,

the eleventh condition under which,  
the twelfth condition under which,  
the thirteenth condition under which,  
the fourteenth condition under which,  
the fifteenth condition under which,



## V.

# ON THE PROOFS OF A FUTURE STATE.

*Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,  
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum !  
Aspice VENTURO lætentur ut omnia SÆCLO !*

VIRGIL.

**T**HE belief of a future state is so intimately connected with, and so effectually united to general as well as particular happiness, that we cannot too frequently consider it ourselves, nor too earnestly recommend it to the attention of others.

A disbelief of an hereafter may be attended with the most melancholy consequences, fatal not only to the unbeliever himself, but more especially to the good of society ; for how  
weak



weak are the obligations to beneficence, benevolence, or even humanity, if the merits of such actions terminate in the actions of this life, and extend no farther than the grave? Each man would then make his own private happiness the ultimate end of all his actions, and the final motive of every design would be centred in the contracted circle of his own advantage; whatever promoted that would be eligible, and if he could only see the mountains black with his own herds, and his valleys laugh and sing with plenty, he would accomplish his desire and entirely disregard the welfare and happiness of the rest of mankind.

If once the being of a God and his attributes be made evident, it appears inconsistent with his infinite goodness to produce intelligent creatures only to waste a few years in a gloomy, disconsolate, unhappy state; we need only add this to the belief of the immortality of the soul to ascertain beyond all possibility of dispute the glorious prospect of a future state.

If we impartially view the system of the universe, if we contemplate the œconomy of nature, and consider the ties, connections, and dependencies subsisting between every atom; if we take a full view of the solar system, and observe the infinite number of constellations which irradiate the magnificent arch of heaven; if  
we

we duly weigh the exactness with which these immense luminaries run the race that is set before them ; how the great light rules the day, and the lesser lights the night ; how each regularly revolves round it's own proper orbit, without the least anarchy, confusion, or perplexity ; how can we with the *Epicureans* attribute all, to chance ; or how can we forbear acknowledging the existence of that Being, who " measured the heavens out with a span, " and held the waters in the palm of his hand ?"

But could we be able to penetrate into the inmost recesses of nature, could we see the boundless whole anatomized and clearly displayed to our understanding, how would our wonder swell into disdain and indignation to hear a disbelieving fool attributing the beauty of the world to a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or the blind irregular convulsions of contingent chance ? So far should we be from embracing this opinion, that we should gain infallible conviction that it must be the effect of some infinite efficient, able to will Nothing into being, and to call harmony and order out of unintelligent matter and a disordered chaos.

If we only examine the nature of man, his exquisite organization of parts, the aptness of each to perform it's proper office ; if we view the circulation of the blood, the pulsation  
on

on of the heart, and the vibration of every fibre, they would loudly confute the unbelieving atheist, and sufficiently demonstrate the being of a God. For how can such surprizing, such wise revolutions of things happen, how can such amazing, such unerring regularity be preserved, but by some infinitely powerful, infinitely good, and infinitely wise Being, who superintends and orders the stupendous machine?

It is one of the first principles in philosophy, that inactivity is essential to, and one of the primary qualities of matter, whereby it is unable to put itself in motion when at rest, or stop it's career when in motion: if so, it is beyond the least shadow of dispute, that the motion of the world is contingent, not necessary, or of itself; therefore it must at some time have received an impulse from some cause foreign to itself. Now as it could not put itself in motion, so neither could it be the cause of it's own creation, (creation implying the greatest possible power;) therefore both these must have been effected by some sufficient cause; and this cause must be allowed to be some Being independent of the world, and unimpeded by matter; for if it had any dependence upon, or relation to material subjects it is plain a *vis inertiae* would have inhered in it, and have absolutely prevented it's operations.

If



If then inactivity is essential to matter, it follows, that this system must have been created; for it is mathematically certain, that what cannot act, cannot produce any thing, much less itself; from whence 'tis natural to conclude, that there must be some independent, intelligent Being, existing without any positive connection with matter, by whom the universe was made, and by whom it has been governed since its formation, that it is even now superintended by his providence, and will be regulated by his wisdom 'till the final dissolution of things.

The relationists too may be baffled, who hold an infinite series of independent, intelligent Beings, but their *Utopian* hypothesis has been so often confuted, and their fine-spun reasonings so often reduced to absurdity, that I will not weary your attention, while I pursue them through their labyrinth of errors; but conclude from the premises the certainty of a supreme Being, and go on to consider the immortality of the soul.

It is certain, that an infinite Being, who is able to produce such wonderful and stupendous effects as the creation of the universe, who alone has all possible perfection in Himself, is not byassed by interest, swayed by passion, nor prejudiced by caprice. It is therefore derogatory from his perfect nature to suppose  
that

that an unpremeditated, undesigning desire of creation prompted him without any intent, any prospect, or any wise, well-planned views to produce such immense, such wonderful effects as the different parts of the universe; surely some end was to be accomplished by so surprising an instance of his power, some extraordinary evidence of his goodness was to be manifested by the works of his omnipotence.

The creation of man after his own image immediately succeeded the creation of the inanimate and brutal world, and the dignity conferred by stamping upon him the glorious signet of God's own nature, is an incontestable proof that he was destined for some nobler end, than to spend a few gloomy melancholy years in this life, and bear the pre-eminence over the other parts of the creation, and then to die, and be as tho' he had never been.

I have before shewn, that man must have something within himself absolutely independent of, and without any positive connection with matter; some reasoning, reflecting, and incorporeal substance to direct his passions, govern his will, and subdue his appetites; but this is plainly and diametrically opposite to the idea of matter which supposes an inactive, unthinking, and undesigning substance, which, as the soul of man is an active thinking and designing principle, must  
receive

receive all its impressions from that principle, act in compliance to it's dictates, and be subject to the commands of it's lordly inmate.

If then the soul is endowed with such faculties, and distinguished with such evident marks of it's creator's favour, it is natural to imagine, as it is susceptible of the sensations arising from pleasure and pain, which are inseparably blended in this scene of things, that there must be some happiness in reversion, to compensate for it's sufferings, and reward it's good works in this world, otherwise the goodness of God is imaginary, and his justice chimerical. It differs from the notion of both these attributes to argue, that there will be no remuneration for the present unequal distribution of things; for why are we expressly commanded to fight the good fight, if in the end no applause, no advantage attends a brave and heroic discharge of our duty? Moral good and evil would be then upon a level, and which ever was attended with the greatest advantage would be most particularly regarded; and if virtue and vice sunk indiscriminately into annihilation, that which was most agreeable to our inclinations and best calculated for our pleasures would be most eagerly pursued. For if there be no hereafter, certainly after this painful life ended a period is put to our being, (as the absurdity of the *Pythagorean* doctrine has been fully and satisfactorily



rily demonstrated) and then what avails our boasted virtue, and unshaken religion?

To argue that the soul is finite in it's duration is in effect to say that the existence of God is limited to some particular point of time: for as God created man in the beginning after his own likeness, that is the soul of man, which is the constituent of person, the body being only the vehicle of that thinking, active and designing principle, it is reasonable to imagine that he created it capable of eternal Happiness or eternal misery, in consequence of it's good or bad behaviour on this side the grave.

The arguments in favour of this position drawn from the light of nature are strong enough to satisfy any reasonable enquirer; but from revelation such incontestable demonstrations arise as ought to silence the most rigid Infidel and most hardened Deist.

As christianity is the foundation of all our hopes and expectations, so the certainty of a future state of being is the foundation and bulwark of a christian's consolation and bliss. 'Tis this glorious prospect that animates the follower of christ under his most complicated misfortunes, and enables him to endure the pressure

pressure of the most poignant calamities; this alone can pour balm into his bosom, when beset on all sides with a torrent of distress, and speak peace to him when impending difficulties threaten his inevitable destruction without this animating consideration, that shortly all the storms which hang lowring round him will clear up into serenity, and an uninterrupted series of eternal happiness succeed in their place; without this consideration, how gloomy must life and its attendant miseries be to a man void of every future expectation, waiting only when his dissolution comes, to shake off his body and misfortunes together, and fall at once into a total extinction of Being. But, blessed be God, we have sure and certain hopes brought to light by the gospel, the rule of our actions, and the grounds of all our expected happiness; there we are confidently assured that a time will come, "when God in glorious majesty will judge the inhabitants of the earth; that the good will arise with him to glory, but that the wicked will be condemned to everlasting weeping and gnashing of teeth."

To a man whose life has been guided by the unerring rule of the christian faith, and who has lived in expectation of a future recompence for his virtuous actions, the very thoughts of extinction must be extremely shocking. they must strike him with horror and confusion,

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and fill his soul with desperation and amazement. He dilates the faculties of his mind, and extends his thoughts beyond the narrow limits of this world, despising all insinuating allurements and destructive follies, for more permanent and extatic raptures in another and a better life. Having weighed the holy writings of the prophets and apostles, through the veil of mystery which darkens some, he sees the prophecy of a mediation for mankind to redeem them from sin, and in the letter of others he clearly discovers the promises of forgiveness upon repentance, and of life and immortality upon a conscientious discharge of his duty.

But how much more confirmed in his opinion will he be, when he considers that the foundation of his eternal glory rests on the undoubted assurance of the resurrection of Christ? that he took our nature upon him; and after the severest tryals, persecutions, and revilings, subjected himself to the most ignominious death that he might deprecate the vengeance of an incensed God, and redeem that world which had been long bound in the chains of sin; that after death he descended into the regions of the enemy to mankind, circumscribed the power and extent of his dominions; and then, full of glory and triumphant in mercy, ascended into heaven as the first fruits of them that slept in the  
grave



grave, and sitteth at the right hand of God, a perpetual intercessor for the world he saved.

This is the foundation of the resurrection of mankind, ascertained beyond all possibility of dispute, and confirmed by innumerable unsuspected testimonies : and our Saviour himself, more strongly to corroborate the declarations in his life regarding a future state, amidst the agonies of the cross, and the insults of perfidious men, shewed the compassion, that was denied to himself, to a common malefactor, out of scorn appointed his fellow-sufferer, whom he comforted with the gracious promise of being that night with him in paradise.

The certainty of an hereafter may, I presume, be fairly drawn from the premises without begging the question ; for the existence of God is incontestably demonstrated as well as his attributes of omnipotence, infinite justice, and goodness : and, I hope, it is as fairly proved that man has a soul capable of pleasure and pain ; but to maintain that it is mortal is arraigning both the goodness and justice of God : for to think that he created Beings without any intention of their happiness derogates from his goodness, and to suppose that he will not reward or punish them according to the merit or demerit

of their actions in this life detracts from his justice.

The very nature of man alone would supply us with many sufficient reasons to expect a future state, though our expectation were only founded on the strong desire of continuing our existence, and the thirst after happiness we feel in our minds compared with the shortness and wretchedness of human life; for it is certainly as unreasonable to imagine God created intelligent beings, and endowed them with such passions, without some means in their power to satisfy these *longings after immortality*, as to suppose he has provided no objects for the senses he has given us.

All other appetites have some ample fund to gratify their yearnings. The ambitious man has the extensive fields of glory to expatiate in; the covetous has the riches of *India*, and the mines of *Peru* to glut his desire after wealth; the learned has the treasures of antiquity and productions of later ages to ruminate upon; and the gay have the gilded foibles and glittering vanities of the world to render them happy. In short, every ruling passion has some means in it's power to satisfy it's craving void; and would it not be strange, if the religious, and good man alone was destitute of any hopes of enjoying the object of his wishes, and embracing the endearing

dearing form of substantial happiness ? His affections are weaned from the things of this world ; he finds no pleasure in state, honour, riches, or ambition ; surely then some more permanent fund of happiness is reserved for him, adequate to his more noble, and exalted ideas, and which will abundantly recompence his laudable pursuit after virtue, otherwise he is of all men the most miserable. But, blessed be God, he hath not thus left him without a certain hope of future happiness, a balm in all his misfortunes, which mitigates his cares, alleviates his sorrows, and softens his distress, which speaks peace to him in the hour of death, beams in upon his departing soul, and tells him that his miseries in this life will be amply rewarded in heaven, with an endless succession of pleasure for evermore.

The great aversion to loss of being, as well as misery, so strongly implanted in the constitution of mankind cogently confirm a future state. Man naturally shudders at the thoughts of dissolution, and when un-enlightened might cry out with the poor criminal in our great master of the *Drama*,

*Ay, but to die, to go we know not where ;  
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot ;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod. — — — — —  
— — — — — Or to be worse than worst  
Of those—that lawless and incertain thought !—  
Imagine howling ——— 'Tis too horrible !*



And accordingly like VIRGIL's self-murderers  
on the banks of Styx,

— — — *Quam vellent æthere in alto  
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros perferre labores !*

*Æneid. Lib. VI.*

He might think  
The wearied and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of DEATH.

SHAKESPEAR's *Measure for Measure.*

It is inconsistent with the goodness of God, unless his justice demands it to be inflicted as the severest punishment, to implant such an inveterate hatred in the soul of man towards any thing, which must be it's portion for ever : and surely annihilation has something so terrible in it, that it must damp the mind of any thinking person, and deaden his relish for the enjoyments of this life. For certainly it must be to any one, particularly to him who has had a tolerably calm passage through the various vicissitudes of sublunary things, a most goading and shocking reflection to think that after he has passed a few transient years, he must sink into non-existence, and perish as the beasts of the field.

Thus

Thus even the still, small voice of reason, and the glimmering light of nature sufficiently prove the absurdity of this opinion, and confirm our hopes of a glorious resurrection; and as for the oracles of revelation, they abundantly manifest the weakness, not to say, the impiety of such notions; and loudly proclaim the certainty of a future state.

Thus a future state appears demonstrable both from the immortality of the soul, and from the nature of man; and as it is the most glorious expectation of mankind, so it is the strongest incentive to action, and in that light the surest Basis of society.

Society is founded on right and justice: that is, it exists by a mutual agreement betwixt it's members, each being obliged by the laws of the community whereunto he belongs to assist to his utmost his friends, relations, and neighbours, to guard them, as much as is in his power, from oppression, violence, and rapine; and to connect the good of the public with his own private advantage. Nay it even goes farther; it enjoins every individual to consult the interest of the whole, independent of his own; and, when emergencies require it, to promote it's welfare at the hazard and inevitable destruction of his own: What then ought the

members of society to be? Fraud, rapine, violence and injustice, I presume, every one sees would be destructive of it; for by the words of the upright (says the royal politician) the city is exalted, but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked.

Honesty, integrity, and virtue are a cement essential to the support of society; they fortify mens lives with religion and noble principles, and make their souls superior to vice. A selfish and contracted spirit is their abomination, and a mean, sordid, lucrative disposition the only object of their detestation; a noble ingenuous love of the public animates all their actions; patriotism, and the thirst of liberty breathes through the whole tenour of their lives. They know there is a God righteous in judgement to punish and reward; they look upon this life in a just light, as a preparation for a better, and know they are placed here to run the grand career of justice, to obey God's commands, and put in practice every golden precept of religion and morality.

These are the men which make society flourish; all their actions flow from a spirit of religion and virtue; they believe the existence of the supreme Being, and believing that, they are glorious patterns of goodness, and professed champions against wickedness and vice: fully persuaded



persuaded of the truth of a future life they act through every stage of their lives here, as candidates for a crown of glory hereafter ; fully persuaded that whatever their situation is on this side the grave, religion towards God, justice to their neighbours, and zeal for the good of society are the grand hinges of their present welfare, and future happiness.



## VI. OF

permeated all the truth of a future life they  
add through every stage of their lives here,  
as candidates for a crown of glory hereafter;  
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present welfare, and future happiness.

VI. OF

VI.  
OF  
PATIENCE  
AND  
FORTITUDE  
IN  
ADVERSITY.

*Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito.*

VIRGIL.

**H**OWEVER melancholy this reflection may be, that man is born to trouble, yet as the truth of it is connected with his existence here, to dwell upon it sometimes is not only our duty as rational beings, but indispensably incumbent upon us as candidates for glory and immortality.

To



To think of it will awaken in us our dependence upon God, will raise in our minds just ideas of his goodness and mercy, and awful ones of his majesty and power; will inspire us with religious sentiments, and animate us with virtue and godliness. Though uneasy sensations may arise from the consideration of our intimate relation with misery, yet to reflect that though affliction comes, it cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the earth, is a balm in our misfortunes, and an alleviating antidote to all our afflictions: for then we seek unto God, and commit our cause unto him, who pityeth us as a father pityeth his own children; and, when we are overwhelmed in an abyss of distress, beams the glory of his countenance upon us, like the day-star from on high, and pours his refreshing kindness which in famine will redeem us from death, and in war from the power of the sword. This, however boisterous the blast of our misfortunes may blow, will calm the rugged breath of the tempest, and, like our Blessed Saviour commanding the waves to be still, will make our tabernacle to be at peace.

But as some may argue that these are only pleasing suggestions, adapted solely to the joyless speculatist, and can pour no real consolation into a breast wounded with the keen edge of adversity, I will offer a few considerations

considerations from whence it will appear, that though man is born to trouble, yet there are consolations which will animate him under all his misfortunes, and enable him with bravery to withstand their keenest malice, provided his reason be sound and his understanding have it's full play.

If we consider that we are heirs to an eternal crown of glory in the mansions of blessedness and peace, where God will wipe all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; how gloomy and disconsolate soever our Situation may be, saddened perhaps by the corresponding melancholy of our wayward circumstances, and plunged into all the horrors of despair by our poignant misfortunes, the dismal prospect brightens to our view, the clouds which hung lowring round us disperse, and a scene of a continued refulgent glory breaks in upon us. Collecting our scattered spirits, and rousing the resolution which had long been broken by misery's oppressive weight, we bravely dare it's most formidable efforts, and resolutely defy it's rudest attacks. The severer our tryals are, the more vigorous we grow, like the genuine diamond, the rougher the touch of the artist, the more exquisite the radiance it reflects.

With

With a brisk flow of spirits and a warm ferment of blood, a man may enterprize greatly, and perform wonders in the field of battle ; how many examples may we mention of persons who have met the most formidable dangers with interpidity, but when assailed by some blasts of adversity, gentle in comparison to the evils which oppressed other men, have miserably sunk beneath the weight of their burden ; and out of fear of additional misfortunes have cowardly severed the union betwixt soul and body. Had they, when adversity cast a deep shade upon their lives, which perhaps was rendered still deeper by tempestuous sorrows, pensive grief, sickly dispositions, and boisterous passions, all heightened by groundless apprehensions, and idle imaginations ; had they then come to this resolution,—  
 “ All my appointed time will I wait till my  
 “ change come ” each day vigorously attempting a chearful serenity of temper ; what was before a sullen gloominess of humour, would soon have brightened into a chearful and inoffensive pleasantry, and then reason which so long had been lulled into a dead suspension would have exerted it's native influence, and shewn them the tremendous precipice they had so narrowly escaped.

In short, whatever be the cause of our sorrow, let us arm ourselves with resolution and confidence ; resolution in ourselves, that we  
 may



may not fail in our temporary afflictions, confidence in God that he will not forsake us : and then how exquisite soever the distresses of our souls are, we shall have a firm assurance of conquest, and shall not fail some time or other to triumph over all earthly afflictions, which will disappear at the dawning of everlasting day.

As we confide in God's mercy, so ought we to be resigned unto his will under our afflictions. And what greater motive for resignation or stronger argument of consolation under every misfortune can be possibly conveyed to the mind of man, than that he has the strongest reason in the world to believe that, though he be plunged in ills, and exercised in care, in this tumultuous ocean of vicissitudes, yet there is a Power which will redress his injuries, pour balm into the wounds of his bosom, and in due time work out of his afflictions an exceeding weight of happiness.

This is indeed founding the religious duty of resignation to the DEITY upon the only comforters in the world, and the only motives to religion ; for religion without hope is a state of phrenzy and distraction, a dull, melancholy, and un-inspiring principle, subject to numberless calamities, which it cannot surmount,  
and

and exposed to insuperable dangers which it cannot evade: but when amidst every surrounding misfortune we know there is another life after this, and that there is a God righteous in judgement to punish or reward, the rains may descend, and the storms of affliction beat hard against us, our trust is securely founded upon a rock, which will stand unshaken amidst the ruins of a falling world.

If ever then our sanguine expectations of happiness in this life, are frustrated by a dismal train of misfortunes, let us turn our views to the better side of things, where the rays of hope will brighten the melancholy prospect, and the sunshine of resignation dispel the clouds of adversity. For though affliction come upon us like an armed man, and the waters of ungodliness come even over our soul, yet so prevalent is the influence of a resigned spirit, that it contracts each dreadful prospect, diminishes each terrible object, assuring us there is a certain hope of succeeding good, which will amply repay our unequal distribution, and infinitely compensate for all our sufferings. To this then let us bend all our expectations, and chearfully submit to the will of God: for though misery and affliction fill the bitter cup of life, if we only entertain suitable sentiments of the DEITY, just and awful notions of his majesty, virtuous and religious hopes of his goodness, tempering all by an holy life  
and

and godly conversation; at the final con-  
summation of all things he will assuredly  
make our righteousness like the light, and  
our just dealings like the noon-day.

As we confide in the goodness and mercy,  
and are resigned to the will of God, let us  
likewise trust in his majesty and power. And  
what greater assistance can we wish to sustain  
us under every complicated misery than the  
omnipotence of God? especially as we know  
he is equally willing as able to assist us;  
nor have we any reason to doubt but he will  
extend the arms of his tender mercy over all  
his works, since he comprehends in his un-  
fathomed essence the infinity of every attri-  
bute; and if, when every thing succeeds to  
our wishes, he is graciously pleased to behold  
us with an eye of compassion; surely when  
languid and faint under the pressure of af-  
fliction, he will not withdraw his loving  
kindness, but will pity us as a father pitieth  
his own children, and kindly relieve us out  
of his infinite goodness.

And if his assistance be extended to our  
calamities, be they more in number than the  
sand of the sea, at his rebuke they fly, and  
our sorrow is turned into gladness; however  
secret they be, he altogether knows them:  
For "whither shall we fly from his spirit, or



"whither shall we go from his presence? If  
 "we climb up into heaven he is there; if we  
 "go down into hell he is there also; if we  
 "take the wings of the morning and remain  
 "in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there  
 "also shall his hand lead us, and his right hand  
 "shall hold us; in short, wherever we are, he  
 "is about our path, and about our bed, and  
 "spyeth out all our ways." His omnipotence  
 knows no difficulties, but accomplishes what-  
 ever it pleases, and subdues all things unto  
 itself.

If then such in this vale of misery is the  
 support of mankind amidst all the transitory  
 endearments of pleasure, and the permanent  
 distractions of pain; what cause is there for  
 them to say "let the day perish wherein I was  
 "born; or why may they not triumph that  
 "they died not from the womb, nor gave up  
 "the ghost when they came out of the belly?"  
 If the consideration of their dependance upon  
 God, and the certainty of his very present  
 help in time of need can have any influence  
 upon them, it must necessarily regulate their  
 grief, and from a mistaken, change their mind  
 to a refined turn of thinking, which will im-  
 part a more exquisite relish to every joy,  
 transmit each kindly and enlivening beam of  
 light, and mitigate the starts and fallies of  
 affliction; but indeed a complaining temper is  
 almost inseparable from man; for view the  
 various

various distinctions of mankind, view them in their different situations on the theatre of the world; some revolving in the orb of greatness and power, others heavily dragging on life with a dismal train of attendant miseries in the mournful regions of sorrow; from these unhappy wretches up to those meteors of fortune discontent universally prevails, and each man repines at his situation in life. They are continually complaining of inconveniences, and seem incapable of relishing any thing but heaven, for which a complaining temper will by no means prepare them. Whereas not to complain at whatever inconveniences they may meet with here, but manfully to resist them, or at least to bear them with resignation and patience will finally bring them to that place, where only there are no inconveniences at all, and where their blessings will be consummated by having the Deity to their portion for ever and ever.

Indeed, while we are in this chequered state of things, happiness and misery are as inseparably united as metal and alloy. For let us say what we will, and do what we can, ungrateful and unwelcome thoughts will make harsh and ungrateful impressions; and in proportion to a liberal education and a refined turn of thinking, as well as our ingenuity, our sensibility of joy or misery arises. The vulgar in life, as in the *Drama*, are incapable

capable of a fine distress, and the afflictions which a coarser frame slights, fall heavy upon a more refined turn of thinking. But of whatever materials we are formed, whether rusticity molds us into an insensible hardness of soul, or education polishes us into a finer sensibility, so long as we are men we are liable to infirmities, and incident to misery: wherever it is allotted us by providence, to spend our life of probation, there is a shade to the body, some misfortunes attend us; for we no sooner drew the breath of life, than we drew the breath of affliction; and we no sooner began to live than we began to be miserable.

Our first parent was born happy and immortal, but, too soon! he fell and intailed the miseries of his mis-conduct upon his unhappy posterity; however since the fall, the curse then denounced has been in every circumstance compleated, the seed of the woman has bruised the serpent's head, for God sent forth his Son to be a propitiation for our sins, that we through him might live. Yet though we are redeemed from death, the frailty of humanity, and the aptness to misery sticks to our disposition; for by the prevalence of our passions we too often counteract the ends of our creation by offending God; and by the frame of our constitution too often combat with misfortunes; but the goodness of God has provided for us an ample fund of happiness hereafter,



hereafter, to compensate for our sufferings in this life, and fully reward whatever we have done that is pleasing in his sight.

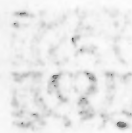
What remains then but that on our part we strenuously endeavour to do every thing which is pleasing to God and agreeable to the dignity of our nature. Though misfortunes may dash the schemes of our sanguine expectations, and afflictions press hard upon us, like a weight too heavy for us to bear, yet as we know that in God's good time he will remove the bitter cup from us, and sweeten all our cares with an endless felicity, let us, animated by such glorious hopes, travel through every storm of adversity with an undaunted resolution and unrepining resignation: for what avails it to murmur when gloomy clouds of ill-fortune envelop the serene sunshine of tranquility, and boisterous calamity saddens each endearing object? To be resigned under such circumstances is our best, our safest way; and mildly to submit to the will of God, who does every thing by the unerring rule of divine rectitude, the best means of defeating the assailing calamity. Then indeed we may be said to have triumphed over our sorrow, to prove our integrity, and fit ourselves for a crown of never-ending felicity, which can only be obtained by a due discharge of our duty, and a resigned submission to the Almighty decrees.

Let then calamity torment us, friends forsake us, and enemies persecute us; collected in ourselves and animated by the ineffable power of God, let us vigorously despise such insignificant misfortunes, and raise our thoughts to more permanent enjoyments. Let our contemplation soar with seraphic wings to mansions of glory and regions of delight; where *Hierarchies* of saints and angels swell one united chorus of praise, and thanksgiving, and the heaven of heavens sounds with *Hallelujahs* to God: then transported with extatic raptures, our souls will anticipate the beatific vision, and though surrounding misfortunes harass our affairs below, yet full of the glorious expectations of a future bliss we shall rise superior to affliction, and contemptuously smile at our temporal misfortunes while we aspire to an eternal weight of glory.

# VII.

## OF THE STRENGTH

## OF IMAGINATION.







( 170 )  
VII.

OF THE  
STRENGTH  
OF

IMAGINATION.

— — — *Velut silvis, ubi passim*

*Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,*

*Ille sinistrosam, hic dextrorsum abit : unus utrique*

*Error, sed variis illudit partibus. Hoc Te*

*Crede modo insanum, nihilo ut sapientior ille*

*Qui te deridet caudam trahat. — — — HOR.*

**T**HE several faculties, which the soul has a power of exerting, are each of them, (considered with the objects to which they respectively belong) in a greater or lesser proportion instrumental in the happiness or misery of mankind. The will, which in too many cases lords it with such absolute ascendancy, that it's impulses prevail over the weaker suggestions of reason, too frequently hurries men to an implicit acquiescence with it's dictates,

dictates, regardless of the more prudential admonitions of the nobler faculties, and impels them by a strange but prevalent infatuation to gratify its importunate sollicitation, which may urge to the most mischievous pleasures of the distempered voluptuary, or the most destructive pursuits of the abandoned libertine.

So long as the will bears the sovereignty it usurps the throne of reason ; the thinking and judging faculties of the soul are dismissed from waiting, and each avenue which leads to the heart secured against their admission : Their native energy, which in complicated cases is the sole guide and director of frail mortals, being divested of its wonted efficacy, falls first into a languid reverie, and gradually sinks into a dead suspension ; for, as in the corporeal, so in the intellectual œconomy of man by exercise the nerves are braced, and brought to a stronger tone and elasticity, the limbs strengthen in their texture, and grow more patient of exercise and toil ; while by indolence and sloth the whole system is enervated into an effeminate softness, and barter the robust vigour of the masculine constitution for a tender and enfeebled delicacy : so the intellectual powers, when subservient to the lordly commands of the will, soon lose their essential efficacy and alertness, become dull and flag in their wonted power and vivacity.



In cases where the judgment bears the pre-  
cedency, the mind yields her assent gradually  
to any given point or proposition; impartially  
considering the terms, and prudently weighing  
the consequences; she forbears a precipitate de-  
cision, and is only influenced by arguments of  
at least moral probability, and by this prudent  
deliberation she is enabled to distinguish be-  
tween real and imaginary truth, betwixt so-  
phistical refinements, and authentic propositions  
on the one hand; and on the other she can  
easily determine betwixt the causes of pleasure  
and pain, and the motives which induce to  
approbation and dislike: so long then as reason  
presides, and her sentence is received with that  
respect and deference it deserves, however ab-  
surd mens practice may be, they will not fail  
in theory and speculation to know what is right.  
For by the judgment (which I use promiscuously  
with reason) we discover the relation and agree-  
ment betwixt the terms of a given proposi-  
tion, and easily observe their conformity to  
truth, and according to that, yield a propor-  
tionable approbation and assent. Thus judg-  
ment is the medium we make use of in moral  
discoveries, while their conformity to truth is  
the criterion of their agreeableness to nature.  
But while we make use of the will singly and  
alone, without the assistance of reason, we are  
too liable to prejudice, and too apt from given  
premises to form erroneous conclusions.

In

In no case is this more evident than in the strength of imagination, wherein it is demonstrably clear that all the phenomena in that chimerical region are owing to an arbitrary will, and a depraved reason.

Though we have many instances wherein we are apt to disbelieve the accounts that are given of this extraordinary appearance, yet daily experience and incontestable examples put it beyond all possibility of dispute, that though some of the phenomena should be fictitious, yet we must allow upon the whole, there are extraordinary and even surprising effects produced from some cause generally called the strength of the imagination. That this is true, I say, no one will doubt; but the difficulty lies in accounting for these appearances upon principles consistent with its various phenomena, and agreeable to certain powers in the human system.

“ There are certain powers in the human  
 “ system (says an ingenious author) which seem  
 “ to hold a middle place between the organs of  
 “ bodily sense, and the faculties of moral perception; they have been called by a very  
 “ general name, the powers of imagination:  
 “ like the eternal senses they relate to matter  
 “ and motion, and at the same time give the  
 “ mind ideas analogous to those of moral ap-  
 “ probation

"probation and dislike." For from the different impressions they make, the mind, which is always susceptible of their operations, generally forms it's first notices, and never fails to annex to different objects ideas agreeable to their representation. Thus, if the imagination connects the ideas of goblins and spirits with that of darkness, the mind, which receives it's impressions, will not fail to apprehend them as essentially united, and darkness will always be attended with these frightful ideas as inseparable concomitants. "This wrong connection of ideas in our minds (says the accurate Mr. Lock) in themselves loose, and independent one of another, has such an influence, and is of so great force to set us awry in our actions, as well moral as natural, passions, reasonings, and notions themselves, that perhaps there is not any one thing that deserves more to be looked after." Upon these associations indeed a great deal of our happiness in life may depend; for where the union of two ideas, causes of terror and fear, can never be dissolved, it may be attended with the most melancholy circumstances, and instead of provoking our laughter, may justly challenge our pity and compassion.

However hypochondriac complaints may be thought by the gentlemen of the faculty to be entirely owing to corporeal disorders, the imagination certainly comes in for a considerable



able share of producing them, and by their continual operation they re-act upon and so effectually influence the mind, as in process of time to strip it entirely of its reasoning faculties, and fill it with such ghastly apprehensions, as absolutely render all arguments to recover it's former tranquility ineffectual. For to what other cause can we attribute the strange and almost inconceivable apprehensions which haunt these disordered patients, but to an absurd and ridiculous association of ideas? For how can we possibly believe that a person in his sound reason, unbiassed by prejudice, or unaffected by a wrong connection of ideas can impose so grossly upon his understanding, nay even his senses, as we find in many instances? So surprising are the imaginations of hypochondriac persons, and so amazingly strong their ridiculous associations, that it may admit of dispute whether the absurdity of their notions, and the prevalence of their fantastical connections have not distempered their brain. But, however that may be, it is certainly true, that their chimerical creations, and visionary apprehensions are all owing to crude conceptions, extravagant opinions, and particularly to an incoherent association of ideas.

The

The *sweetest child of fancy* has given us some remarkable instances of the powerful effects of imagination.

*The lunatic, the lover, and the poet*

*Are of imagination all compact:*

*One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;*

*The madman. — While the lover all as frantic*

*Sees HELEN's beauty in a brow of Egypt.*

*The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rowling*

*Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth  
to heav'n;*

*And, as imagination bodies forth*

*The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen*

*Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing*

*A local habitation and a name.*

*Such tricks bath strong Imagination!*

SHAKESPEAR'S *Midsummer-night's Dream*.

Here he has laughed at two of the characters he introduces, but illustrated his own talent with many beauties peculiar to himself.

To return; the same train of reasoning pursued above, which is drawn from the association of ideas, will effectually account for all the sympathies and antipathies observable in man; for it is by no means certain that all of them are essential to our nature, or depend upon our original constitutions, and they must owe their

their being to some cause sufficient to produce such effects, and make such impressions upon the mind.

Some antipathies indeed appear so soon, that they are generally looked upon, as not acquired but natural, not owing to any external cause, but so absolutely connected with the mind, as to constitute part of its nature. But would people critically examine the time of their appearance, the circumstances that attend them, and their objects, I am persuaded they would find them owing to a wrong connection of ideas, arising from the ridiculous stories servants inculcate upon the minds of children, or some other prejudice of education. That they are chiefly owing to this will appear from what falls within the compass of most people's observations; and Mr. LOCK thinks "nobody, "who has well considered himself or others, "will question that there are wrong associations "of ideas made by custom in the minds of "most men."

To this likewise might as justly be attributed most of the sympathies observable in men, which work as strongly, and produce as regular effects, as if they were natural, and are therefore called so, though they at first had no other original than the accidental connection of two ideas, which either the strength of the first impression, or future indulgence so closely united, that they ever after appear inseparable.

Sympathies



The appearance of Sympathies and antipathies is so common that it would be a needless and almost endless undertaking to enumerate the strange examples of them which daily experience affords: yet upon a nice examination into their nature, origin, and cause, they will be found adventitious to the mind, and not virtually connected with its constituent powers and faculties, but entirely dependant upon falsely associated ideas, and through them ultimately on the powers of the imagination.

The longings, which so frequently prevail with amazing and almost inconceivable power in pregnant women, can be accounted for upon no other principle than the strength of imagination, and consequently owe their being primarily to the association of ideas. For to what other cause can we attribute the almost insatiate desire, which we find in some, after things in other circumstances I will not say only hurtful, but absolutely fatal? To what other cause, I say, but the surprizing prevalence of the imaginary power? Whence comes it that we find some women when pregnant eagerly sighing for those very things as the greatest delicacies, which, when they were not in that condition, they loathed with an invincible aversion? One instance I remember of a lady when with child incessantly complaining, deaf to every effort to relieve her, tormented

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with

with the most severe agonies, and most craving yearnings, the cause of which out of a squeamish modesty she concealed in impenetrable secrecy till she was almost upon the confines of the grave, and even then discovered upon the most importunate solicitations her malady to be owing to a longing for melons, a food, which before that time she most heartily disliked. She no sooner had satisfied this odd craving than she gradually recovered her usual health and vivacity, and with them returned likewise her former dislike to melons. Nor do these longings exert their power in the desire of food only, but a set of china, or a monkey, a new chariot, or a new-fashioned suit of cloaths, an additional lace upon their linen, or their liveries, are sometimes successively the objects of these eager wishes.

These and such like appearances are very frequent in the world, and how strange soever they may seem and inexplicable, yet I am almost persuaded, that most, if not all of them, may be solved by the association of ideas operating on the strength of imagination.

Another set of sympathies, which must not be omitted, owe their original to aversion or dislike, according to a strange paradox of the author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*. "The object (says he) at first gave uneasiness; this  
"uneasiness

"uneasiness gradually wears off, as the object  
 "grows familiar, and the mind finding it at  
 "last intirely removed, reckons it's situation  
 "really pleasurable, compared with what it  
 "had experienced before. Or, though the  
 "object itself should always appear disagreea-  
 "ble, yet circumstances of pleasure, or good  
 "fortune may occur along with it : Thus an  
 "association may arise in the man, and the  
 "object never be remembered without those  
 "pleasing circumstances attending it ; by which  
 "means the disagreeable impression it at first  
 "occasioned will in time be quite obliterated,  
 "and having forgot it's disagreeableness, a sort  
 "of an *instinctive justice* naturally leads us  
 "to make amends for the false opinion, which  
 "hurries us to the contrary extream of fond-  
 "ness and attachment."

This is a degree of refinement beyond all  
 reason, and I fancy it will hardly stand this au-  
 thor's grand *test of truth*, RIDICULE. For  
 most people will, for all his elaborate and  
 fine-spun quibbles, believe, that they may be  
 less fond of any particular food or drink, as  
 oysters, red port, &c, at one time than ano-  
 ther without being guilty of any *injustice*.  
 But it must be owned he, among the rest of  
 his sect, who are a kind of modern *Epicu-  
 reans*, is consistent enough in making a *virtue*  
 of an *appetite*, when they would make us be-  
 lieve that all *virtues* are only *instinct*.



Upon the whole, to an association of ideas, seem owing all the whims of hypocondriac persons, all the apprehensions of apparitions and goblins, the most inveterate antipathies, and most prevailing sympathies observable in man: and indeed it is to be questioned if the association of ideas be not the cause of all or most of our dreams; for as no *hypothesis* has sufficiently solved the various phenomena in that romantic region, why may we not suppose, that according to the force with which any object works upon the mind in our waking hours, it makes a suitable impression there of fear or love, which we so firmly connect with the object, that they become strongly united, and from the pleasure or pain it gave in the day, it becomes an object of the imagination, and acts upon us in the hours of rest?

Thus as the MORAL POET rightly sings,  
*The latest image of that troubled heap,  
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,  
 Tho' past the recollection of the thought,  
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought.*

POPE's Epistle to Lord Cobham.

# VIII

## ON THE ANTIENT AND MODERN DRAMA.

*Diagala quædam sunt sententia per se dicuntur  
formalibus non tamen per se et inter se  
per se non sunt.   
Sed etiam in materia per se dicuntur  
per se non sunt.   
DICTUM INSTITUTE.   
DICTUM INSTITUTE.*

*De Arte Poet.*

A S perfect performance is at present car-  
ried to a great height among us by a  
very celebrated Actor, that in all the grace of  
execution, richness of expression, force of action,  
and strength of Cogitation. He is by many  
reputed superior to the whole fraternity not  
only of this, but of every former age and na-  
tion. It may prove both entertaining and  
useful to readers who on the merit of Mr.

M. GARRICK





VIII.

ON THE

A N T I E N T

AND

M O D E R N

D R A M A.

*Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.—*

*Format enim NATURA prius nos intus ad omnem  
Fortunarum Habitum. — — — — —*

*Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.—*

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque Jubebo*

*DOCTUM IMITATOREM, & veras hinc ducere  
voces.*

HORAT. *De Arte Poet.*

AS theatrical performance is at present carried to so a great height among us by a very celebrated Actor, that in all the grace of elocution, justness of expression, force of action, and energy of Countenance, He is by many esteemed superior to the whole fraternity not only of this, but of every former age and nation: it may prove both entertaining and useful to examine wherein the merit of Mr.

GARRICK consists, which may shew us whether this accomplish'd Player raises his fame upon a just foundation.

To this purpose it will be requisite to enquire a little into the design of the Drama, that we may see how far the excellences of this honor and ornament to our stage correspond with it's original intention.

The two greatest masters of the *Art of Poetry* have pointed out instruction and entertainment for it's end; as appears from the precept HORACE has copied out of ARISTOTLE,

*Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetae,  
Aut simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ,*

in the concise translation of the Earl of RosCOMMON (which remarkably falls in with the following, concerning the brevity of precepts,

*Quicquid præcipies esto brevis —)*

*A Poet shou'd instruct, or please, or both.*

This rule, however general it may seem, and intended, as it certainly is, to comprehend all the various species of Poets, is without doubt particularly adapted to the use of the *dramatic* writers. This is no wonder when we consider that all poetry might easily be proved to have been originally of the *dramatic* kind, that is, designed for recital with *action*, which  
is

is confirmed by the etymology of the antient terms for plays and poets. \*

- HOMER, like one of our strolling players, went about singing his *rapsodies* at all the feasts, games, and other public meetings in Greece; and the first dramatic writings were formed on the plan of this FATHER OF POETRY.

*Epic* and *Lyric* poems are only a kind of *tragedies* undivided into dialogues; for they all relate in numbers the *actions and praises of the* † *great*; and the different kinds of *satire*, like the *old* or *new comedy*, consist in poetical railing at or ridiculing vices or foibles: lastly, *epigrams* are only a short kind of *farces*.

The invention of printing has supplied the scribbling world with an easy and ready method of dispersing their works, which by this means fall into many hands, and may be considered maturely at leisure in their closets by any who think it worth their while to take notice of them; but before that happy art of multiplying copies was found out, the chief difference between all other writers and those for the stage seems to have been, that the former acted over their own works, and the pieces of the latter were represented by others.

The

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\* *Drama* and *Poet* come from two Greek words, which are both interpreted by *facio*, to *act* or *make*, and hence is derived *fabula*, the latin word for a *play*.

† *Res gestæ regumque ducumque, Et tristia bella*  
*Quo scribi possnet versu monstravit HOMERUS.*

HOR.



The pomp and parade used by antient authors to set off their \* rehearsals, their manner of disposing their hireling voices to the best advantage, the different artifices they employed to attain applause, and their various methods of byassing the judgment and bespeaking the good-will of their audience, were at least equal, if not superior to any of the arts which have been used on our modern stages in support of a new play.

Such a poet as † HORACE, or such an orator as the younger ‡ PLINY, might repeat their works only before a few select friends, to satisfy their entreaty, or profit by their judgment in correcting whatever they disapproved; but the rehearsals of the lower class of writers were very often nothing better than vanity and

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*Si dulcedine famæ  
Succensas recites Maculonus commodat ædes.  
Scit dare Libertas extrema in parte sedentes,  
Ordinis & magnas comitum disponere voces.*

Juvenal. Sat. VII.

*Ut Præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,  
Assentatores jubet ad Lucrum Ira Poeta.*

HOR. De Art. Poet.

† Lib. I. Sat. V.

*Non recitem cuiquam nisi amicis, idque coactus.*

*Non ubi vis, coramve quibuslibet. In medio qui*

*Scripta foro recitent sunt multi. Quique lavantes.*

*Suave locus voci resonat conclusus. INANES*

*Hoc juvat, haud illud quærentes, num sine sensu,*

*Tempore num faciant alieno.*

‡ PLIN. Ep. 17. L. VII.

and impertinence; we find them sometimes represented in the \* Roman Satirists as the plagues and nuisances, and at others as the laughing stocks of the town. Nay † PLINY himself, who out of his great candour and love of literature encouraged these public recitals of the Poets, owns, that by frequent invitations long beforehand they could scarce with the greatest difficulty get together a fauntering, lounging audience, who took care not to come in till it was half over, and could not even then be kept together, but stole off or went boldly out before it was done.

Yet none of our modern Play-wrights,  
*Who ever at rehearsals mouth'd, and cry'd*  
*With handkerchief and orange by his side.*

(POPE's Epistle to Dr. ARBUTHNOT.)

could take more pains to save their works from being damned.

Their

\* See the beginning of JUVENAL's first Satire.

VEXATUS toties RAUCI Theſeide Codri ———

And of his third ——— Mille PERICULA ſava

Urbis & Auguſto RECITANTES menſe Poetas.

Like a bear that has broke looſe, ſays HORACE,

Indoſtum doctumque fugat RECITATOR ACERBUS.

Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,

Non miſſura cutem niſi plena cruoris Hirudo.

† Ep. 13 L. I.

Their loud rants, decorations of dress, modulation of voice, and wicked, speaking eye are so well painted in the first Satire of **PERSIUS**, that I can't forbear transcribing a few lines.

*Scribimus inclusi numeros ille, hic pede liber,  
Grande aliquid, quod Pulmo animæ prælargus  
anhelet.  
Scilicet hæc populo pexusque Togæque recenti,  
Et Natalitio tandem cum sardonycæ albus  
Sede leges celsâ, liquido cum plâsmate Guttur  
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus oculo.*

- “ ——— from first to last  
“ The prose is fustian, and the verse bombast !  
“ It's author too, alike, the heavy load  
“ Puffs from his huge rehearsing lungs abroad.  
“ And lo the promis'd day ! at length, 'tis here :  
“ New-cloth'd; new powder'd, see the *Wit*  
appear !  
“ A finish'd Beau, forsooth, behold him stand,  
“ A birth-day jewel sparkling on his hand !  
“ A softning gargle tunes his warbling throat,  
“ And fits the varying pipe for every note.  
“ A desk rais'd high, the listening throng controls ;  
“ He mounts, and out the melting poem rolls.  
“ His eye a comment to his sense affords ;  
“ And adds lascivious looks to luscious words.”

Dr. BREWSTER's *Persius*.

The



The painting here is so very strong, that we might be apt to take it for a *Caricatura*, and make considerable allowances for the exaggeration of *satiric Hyperbole*, if we did not find by comparing it with other † authors the outlines perfectly just and true, by which we may be assured it was fairly drawn from the life.

His picture of a private, occasional rehearsal, when the company were got merry over their cups, is, if any thing, still more humorous.

————— *Ecce inter pocula quærunt*  
*Romulidæ saturi, quid dia poemata narrent.*  
*Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna est,*  
*Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus ;*  
*Phyllidas. Hypsipilas, vatum & plorabile si quid*  
*Eliquat & tenero supplantat verba palato.*

“ Lo next, our surfeit-sots call o’er their wine

“ To hear the labours of a bard divine,

“ Come, the productions of some heav’nly muse

“ Who can repeat ? cry they—and what ensues ?

“ why one, or other, of the purple beaus

“ A nauseous preface snuffles thro’ the nose ;

“ Some old, some sad old tale then forth he  
whines,

“ Made sadder still by lamentable lines.

“ Tells

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† TULL. De Oratore. Id. Ep. ad Attic. PLUTARCH in Pompeio.

" Tells how *Hyppolite* a captive sigh'd,  
 " Or how poor fond deserted *Phyllis* died.  
 " Some such trite ditty his refining throat  
 " Fritters, and melts, and minces ev'ry note."

BREWSTER.

This greatly resembles a modern practice in many private clubs and knots of company in the great Metropolis, who amuse themselves with repeating celebrated speeches out of plays, which they term *spouting*, a † diversion which probably has thrown many underlings upon the stage, who would otherwise have continued Hackney-writers or drawers all their lives, and been contented with copying bills and answers in chancery, or brewing something by way of a bottle of wine, instead of being advanced to the dignity of mutes, guards, or murderers; or perhaps having the honor of delivering a message, if they should remain any considerable time in the service of the theatre, without degenerating into scene-shifters and candle-snuffers.

By the way, the famous French satirist *Boileau* seems to have had this last recited droll passage of *PERSIUS* in his eye, and to have almost copied it, in his account of the singing after

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*In mala*

*Hæ nugæ seria ducent.*

HOR. De Art. Poet.

after a ridiculous entertainment, which he laughs at in his third satire.

“ Quand un des conviez d'un ton *melancholique*  
 “ *Lamentant tristement une chanson bacchique,*  
 “ Tous mes sots à la fois ravis de l'écouter,  
 “ *Détonnant de concert, se mettent à chanter.*  
 “ La musique sans doute étoit rare, & char-  
 mante.  
 “ L'un *trainé en long fredons une voix glapissante,*  
 “ Et L'autre L'appuiant de son *aigre fausset*  
 “ Semble un *violon faux qui jure sous l'archet.*

To return to the stage — The stoical rule of *following nature* in the conduct of life, holds equally good in writing, particularly among the Poets, and among none of them more than the dramatic, whose peculiar province it is to hold a mirror to the world, and reflect the manners of the age.

Unless a particular regard is paid to nature, all the fire of genius and advantages of education will avail nothing towards executing an accomplished piece. It is in vain to lay on gay colouring, or rich dress, if the picture is unlike it can never be truly fine or striking; though it may catch weak minds, it will sooner raise the contempt than the admiration of the judicious and only valuable judges. The greatest luxuriance of fancy, the boldest figures  
 of



rhetoric only pall, \* and disgust in the hands of a poet, who indulges the wildest extravagances of his muse at the expence of reason, and rather chuses to tower among the clouds than restrain the soarings of his mad enthusiasm. Unnatural irregularities, like excrescences in the corporeal system, where they abound will be offensive, and in some degree deform a composition; for a general harmony and regularity are as requisite to the excellence of a dramatic performance as order and proportion are to the symmetry of a well-constituted body.

Where a conformity to nature and truth shine thro' a piece, and diffuse a general beauty over the whole, candor and good sense will always be ready to excuse a few slips, which a human understanding, especially when employed in something great and sublime may easily fall into. The † greatest critics have very justly determined that a poble and exalted manner of writing, tho' accompanied with some few oversights, is highly preferable to  
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\* Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi. — HOR.

† LONGINUS gives a full decision of this question in his admirable *Treatise on Sublimity*. Sect. xxxiii. Ed. Pearce ubi vid. Not. — TULLY and QUINTILLIAN are both of the same opinion; and HORACE agrees in the same candid judgment in many parts of his *Art of Poetry*, particularly

— Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura —

an insipid accuracy where you have nothing to blame, except that there is nothing which extorts your strongest commendation.

A good poet, as well as a good man, must be estimated by his general Character ; and tho' some passages should fall short of the rest, they will be overlooked and amply made amends for by the brighter lustre of the other parts, as the fainter twinkling of the stars is swallowed up unperceived in the stronger blaze of day.

PLINY has an † elegant epistle in defence of this opinion, which he introduces by observing of an exact, but unelevated orator, " He has " but one error, he never errs."

What an unelegant spectator of beauty must he be, who, instead of being fired with the charms of

\_\_\_\_\_ — *an air divine*  
*Thro' which the soul's perfection shine ;*

Dr. YOUNG.

Should coldly criticise upon a † mole or two, which might happen to be scattered on a lovely face, and be looked upon as beauties,

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or

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† Ep. 26. Lib. IX. See the whole.

† — — — — *Velut si*

*Egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore Nævos.*

HOR. Sat. 6. Lib. I.

or at least as foils, by better judges? As the curious censurer in our keen ironical satirist \* cries out,

*In Shirley's form might cherubims appear,  
But then — she has a freckle on her ear.*

Whatever faults may be dispensed with; a just imitation of nature is the grand characteristic and criterion of excellence, distinct from which there is no merit in any kind of composition, and it in vain solicits approbation, or stands a candidate for fame.

How many critical errors will have no weight, when put in the balance against an extraordinary degree of merit of this kind, may appear in the unlimited esteem, and even veneration so justly paid to our great SHAKESPEAR, the glorious father of the English stage. While he every where speaks the language of nature, paints the passions in the truest as well as strongest colours, and adapts both them, and the most striking moral sentiments to his characters, which are kept up uniform and consistent; it is to no purpose that the little French apes of ARISTOTLE exclaim against a few violations of the dramatic rules, and critical unities. His *wood-notes wild* are natural and harmonious, full of the sweetest melody and most pleasing variety, and with all their

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\* Dr. YOUNG's Universal Passion.



their little irregularities are as far superior to the cold correctness, and elaborate, insipid mediocrity of VOLTAIRE, and several other playwrights of an inferior class, as the warblings of the nightingale are more affecting than the notes of a common flute. Those which appear his wildest excursions are founded upon traditional superstitions, as his witches, fairies, ghosts, and monsters: and tho' like a true original *Poet*, his genius sometimes expatiates beyond the bounds of nature, and forms a new *Creation*; he has invented a language suitable to his new beings, \* and, agreeable to the strictest laws of the stage, made them every where uniform, and consistent with themselves.

This defence of SHAKESPEAR is no apology for the servile imitators, who would be apt to copy his faults without being able to rise to those excellences and beauties which so amply atone for them; and an entire deviation from nature is pardonable in no writer, because it counter-acts the very chief end and design of the Drama.

After the conformity of the play to nature, which is the author's first consideration, to

N 2 *entertain*

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\* "Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia fingi."

Siquid inexpertum licet æ committis, & audeas.

Personam formare noxam, Servetur ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerit & sibi constet.

HOR. Art. Poet.

*entertain* is his next point in view ; for upon his success in this the whole merit of his performance depends. A dry, unaffecting play, as it cannot gain the approbation of an audience, will undisputably raise their ridicule, and consequently excite their contempt ; for, as a desire of entertainment is the motive of their assembly, a disappointment will naturally fire them with indignation, and the poor play be sacrificed to their Fury and Resentment. To stand clear of this quicksand ought therefore to be the author's grand concern, from which he must cautiously steer by the rudder of discretion, carefully blending entertaining incidents, moving circumstances, and alarming events.

This alone can make him entertaining to a reader in his closet, or to an audience in the theatre ; for a bare recital of adventures, unanimated by a brilliancy of sentiments, a poignancy of wit, and a radiant assemblage of pathetic embellishments, is like the imaginary fire of the Glow-worm, flaming without giving any sensation of heat, and shining only in darkness, but vanishing at the approach of light.

*Instruction* is the next capital design of an author, which, tho' preferable to *entertainment*, is only a secondary excellence.

In order to *instruct*, an author's first care should be to address himself to the *head*.  
Unless

Unless he can influence the understanding, he in vain courts the approbation of the thinking part of mankind ; for none in the reasonable class of beings are imposed upon by a jingle of words, florid expressions, and empty bombast : elegant diction, ingenious sentiments, and natural relations, are the only means by which an author can attain applause from the judicious. They view with the microscopic eye of reason, unbiass'd by sound, and unprejudiced by favour ; and unless the composition can boast intrinsic value, extrinsic *apparatus* only raises ridicule and contempt, like an ugly pigmy gorgeously bedecked in a long gaudy robe, and strutting upon tall buskins.

These rules not only hold good in one species of composition, but are equally prevalent in the others, with this difference only, that, as their subject matter and manner of treating it is various, a particular Style is peculiar to each. The *sublime*, that ought to rise up to the dignity and grandeur of noble and exalted subjects, demands an elevation of Sentiment, and majesty of expression : The *mediate*, as it treats of subjects neither grand nor groveling, requires only an easy felicity of thought, and graceful aptness of language : And the *simple*, whose subjects are purely natural, is contented with the elegant simplicity of unadorned diction. Yet, as various



as these are, like the stars of different magnitudes, each is properly suited and adapted to it's sphere of action ; and all conspire to promote the great end they were designed to answer, namely, the delight, use and improvement of rational beings.

As it ought to be the first consideration of an author to draw an uniform copy of nature, it should be the first study of a player to exhibit the same uniform resemblance of character : for, if through every different scene he acts not the person at first assumed, but in some speeches struts an hero, in other parts trips a fine gentleman, and in others again apes a buffoon, he can by no means claim the merit of a just actor, or expect to win the applause of the judicious part of his audience.

Whatever is the essential difference which distinguishes the character, however it may be diversified in the various situations arising from the different incidents of the plot, like the features of the same face, or the visible expression of the *ruling passion*, it must be continually uppermost, it must be constantly shewn in the most striking light, and ever appear strongly marked in the countenance, attitude, and action of the player. Just as in LE BRUN's famous pictures called the *Battles of ALEXANDER the Great*, whether in the heat of an engagement  
at

at the passage of the *Granicus*, or in the pomp of a triumph in the entry to *Babylon*, or lastly in the nobler, tho' more calm and placid triumph of mercy and generosity in the restoring of *Porus* to his kingdom, and at the tent of *Darius*, the same greatness of soul and intrepidity, still more than the same *set of features and complexion*, distinguish and point out the hero.

This it must be owned is one of the remarkable excellencies of Mr. GARRICK; for, in whatever scene he appears, a strict uniformity to the original character eminently distinguishes him, and a relative identity prevails throughout the whole play. Like the great masters in history painting, whenever he is upon the stage, he draws our eyes and fixes our attention upon the principal figure in the animated picture before us; and leaves us no doubt of it's being the same by the peculiar turn and manner with which he expresses it, which becomes a kind of *visibility of soul* much more characteristic than the mere sameness of face or external habit.

Some of the most considerable speculative *inquirers* into the reason of the pleasure we receive from the contemplation of *Beauty*, have by their accurate *Analysis* \* resolved it

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into

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\* Professor HUTCHINSON's *Enquiry into Beauty*.

into a due and proper mixture of *uniformity* and *variety*, which join together to constitute the *agreeable* in any object.

These two principles, to which they have reduced the whole *art* and power of *pleasing*, agree very well with the two first marks before laid down, whereby we might judge of the excellency of dramatic writings; and the benefit of *instruction* will naturally flow from a just and pleasing picture of life and manners.

Since by *uniform* in the case before us can only be meant whatever is *consistent* and *agreeable*, we have had occasion to praise this kind of uniformity in the action of Mr. GARRICK; but how much still more does he excel in the *variety* of *entertainment* he affords us? When we consider the great number, and prodigious diversity of characters, which he executes in the most surprising masterly manner; the new lights he has thrown upon most of them, as well as the peculiar grace with which he appears in all; envy itself must allow, that in entertaining an audience he has scarce ever had his equal.

In most of those who have been celebrated by the public, the dawnings of genius have generally rose by slow degrees to their highest splendor of renown; but the talents of our  
*Rescius,*



*Roscus*, as if born to please, shone out at once in their meridian lustre, and were displayed to such advantage in the very first pieces he represented as to be universally admired.

The great variety of the two first characters, in which he at once appeared and shone upon the stage so much as to eclipse his cotemporaries, is not a little remarkable. It requires a consummate master of expressing the passions to do justice to those which are interwoven in the part of *King RICHARD* : To put on the various shapes of love and gallantry, patriotism and religion; as well as shew through each a villainous ambition, that would stick at nothing to attain it's ends, and a thorough hatred of every one who stood in it's way, in spite of all the tyes of consanguinity, friendship or even humanity, is no less admirable than difficult. The great spirit with which our actor animates every word and action, his ironical air of countenance even in the midst of his amorous dalliance, contribute no small share of our entertainment; but his affecting manner of representing the struggles of a fierce boldness of soul with the terrors of conscience in the tent scene, and his efforts to rise after he is wounded by *Richmond* superlatively mock expression. Above all, we must admire with a sort of pleasing horror those agonizing lines, which he judiciously adds  
to

to the part, taken from \* another play of the great poet.

“ — — — — — Let order die ;  
 “ And let the world no longer be a stage  
 “ to feed contention in a lingering act :  
 “ But let one spirit of the first-born CAIN  
 “ Reign in all bosoms ; that, each heart being fet  
 “ On bloody courses, the rude scene my end ;  
 “ And darkness be the burier of the dead.

With these words we see the tyrant monster, like *Turnus*, perishing by the very spoils of ambition with which he had decked himself, breath out his indignant soul in general imprecations,

† *Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras*,  
 And die, as he had lived, an enemy to mankind.

It may perhaps with some shew of reason be alledged, that a considerable part of the applause paid to the character of RICHARD the third will fall to the share of the masterly hand that drew it : but our actor's success in personating BAYS must be acknowledged to be still more owing to his own merit ; because in that part the author has allowed him so great a latitude of displaying his genius, in which,  
 according

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\* Second part of *K. Henry the IVth.*  
 Act. I Sc. 2.

† Last line of the *Ætid.*

according to his usual custom, he struck out a new light, and gave the town the high entertainment of laughing in their turn at the foibles of the stage, where they had so often seen their own follies ludicrously treated. But, besides his incomparable skill in imitation, which is certainly no small perfection in an art that is confessedly mimetic, he has something so originally comic in every character which requires it, that, when we view him, we lose the deference due to the rest of the auditors, and drown his excellence in continued peals of laughter, and a general roar of applause.

In the next great point we mentioned the writer has certainly much the advantage of the actor ; for, as the play is prepared to the hand of the latter, he has not the opportunity of *instructing* by the help of composition : but if laying on a proper emphasis, forming a just cadence, and sounding a true pronunciation, have any claim to the praise of *instruction* Mr GARRICK will come in for a large share of the Lawrel. In short, take all his excellences together, he must be owned to triumph unrivalled, and in all the parts he undertakes to do them such justice, as to deserve the greatest encomium which has been bestowed upon a dramatic poet of universal knowledge.

*Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.*

HOR. Art. Poet.

He knows to give each character it's due.

IX. O N





IX.

ON THE  
PLEASURES  
OF  
REFLECTION  
IN  
RETIREMENT.

*Præteritos dies & tutos respicit annos ;*

*Nec metuit Lethes jam propioris aquas.*

*Nulla recordanti lux est ingrata, gravisque*

*Nulla fuit, cujus non meminisse velit.*

*Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus : Hoc est*

*Vivere bis, Vitâ posse priore frui.*

MARTIAL. Epig. 23. Lib. X.

**I**T is the observation of no less a person than the great Mr. ADDISON, "that an old man "who is not a fool is the happiest creature "in the world ;" for after having past the noon of his life in the hurry of business, he sits down in the evening in the great chair and

and over his bottle and pipe enjoys in reflection a pleasing retrospect of past occurrences.

All the adventures of his past life he recalls to his memory, and on that spacious theatre re-acts in imagination all the characters he has formerly personated. Such we presume is the employment of his solitary moments; and in his social hours, happy in the enjoyment of his select friends, and perhaps blest in the sweet communion of a chearful family, he entertains himself and them with a relation of past achievements, when his blood ran brisk in the chace of pleasure, or his pulse beat strong in the pursuit of glory. The adventures of the drawing-room, the ball, and the play croud upon his memory, and regale him with the pleasing reflection of his juvenile endearments: or it may be, the disposition of his youth panting after a nobler quarry, the glorious aspirings of his valour in some signal engagement under the banners of MARLBOROUGH, start to his mind, fill his gushing eyes with floods of transport, and brace the slackened sinews of his vigour:

*While near the bowl he draws the fancy'd line,  
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine;  
Then sets th' invested fort before their eyes,  
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies.*

TICKEL'S Prospect of Peace.

— Forſan



— *Forſan et hæc olim meminiffe juvabit.* —

Was the conſolation of *Æneas* to his associates drooping under a ſeries of miſfortunes, and deſpairing of a more auſpicious fate; nor indeed can there be conveyed to the mind of man, when bending under hardſhips, and combating with the ſtorms and tempeſts of affliction, a more enlivening dawn or radiance of hope, than the pleaſing glimpe of a brighter ſky, diſperſing the gloom of lowering adverſity, and animating his reſolution with future joy. For what more ſovereign balm can *medicine* the afflicted ſoul than expectation full of comfort? It rouses the broken ſpirit, and inſpires it with reſolution and confidence to grapple with the moſt formidable adverſaries, and tower, like the poplar, ſuperior to adverſity. What more comfortable reflection can ariſe, than to think that miſfortune cannot always urge the chace, but muſt after the heat and burden of the day retire at laſt, and leave her quarry in unmoleſted triumph?

Then riſe the heart-felt joys of a good old man; ſafe in the haven of reſt he contemplates with ineffable ſatisfaction the adventures of his laborious hours of care, and takes a reſpect of paſt calamities with a pleaſing glow of rapture and tranſport. †

\* *Cincinnatus,*

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† *Jucundi ſunt acti labores.* TULL.

\* *Cincinnatus*, withdrawn from the hurry and bustle of imperial *Rome* to his little *Sabine* farm, enjoys more real satisfaction, and substantial happiness in revolving in his mind the dangerous aspirings of proud ambition, than when he was decked with the gaudiest plumes of honour and distinction.

Happy in the confines of his retirement, and content with the plainest viands in his homely cott, he quaffs more true felicity from the limpid stream, and tastes more perfect enjoyment from his favorite turnips, than from all the delicate dishes of luxury crowned with *Falernian* cups, when embarked in the tumultuous ocean of national affairs. Without the danger of dashing against the lurking quicksands of greatness, he steers his little bark along the smooth canal of tranquility, and by an happy genius in morality, from every springing flower or dimpling eddy draws emblems fraught with instruction.

With these, at night in his straw-thatched cott, (where temperance is centinel, and industry handmaid) he feeds the intellectual appetite, curbs the insolence of passion, and quells the suggestions of pride. He recalls to his

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\* The ROMAN *Cincinnatus* is not only meant here, but under that name every BRITON is characterised, who can claim the application.

his mind the schemes and dangers of his former greatness, and while he views them mustered on the plains of memory, tastes that satisfaction which mocked his enjoyment when virtually active in the fields of fame. In this retired but happy situation he enjoys all the rapturous endearments of an ever-pleasing solitude, which are so well described in an elegant hymn, that I must beg leave to introduce a short quotation.

*Hail ever-pleasing solitude !  
 Companion of the wise and good !  
 But from whose holy, piercing eye  
 The herd of fools and villains fly.  
 Oh ! how I love with thee to walk !  
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk ;  
 Which innocence and truth imparts,  
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.  
 Descending Angels bless thy train,  
 The virtues of the sage and swain ;  
 Plain innocence in white array'd,  
 And contemplation rear their head ;  
 Religion with her awful brow,  
 And rapt URANIA wait on you.*

DODSLEY'S Miscellany.

It is in this delightful solitude that we may be said truly to enjoy the sweets of life; un sullied, and unadulterated; unmolested by sycophants, unblemished by passion, and unruffled by cares. Our mornings rise calm

O

and



and are ushered in by smiling serenity; our days are amused with useful exercise or labour, and our evenings pass chearful and gay, sweetened by medicinal temperance.

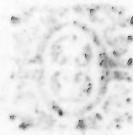
Divesting ourselves of all the appendages of greatness, in this calm repose of a private life, we practice in silence the social and moral virtues: sincere in our words, plain in our actions, faithful in our friendships, exact in our duties, regular in our wishes and great even in the minutest things. Here we can reflect not only upon the checquered vicissitudes of our own lives, but run over in our thoughts the atchievements of others, and contemplate the most tremendous convulsions of states and empires.

Nor can we here only reflect upon the effects of natural causes, but can meditate more abstractedly upon the deep mysteries of providence, and read more plainly the secret works of the great Creator in the mental system, than when embarrassed with the transactions of business, and tost in the boisterous torrent of secular employment. Divested of the throes of ambition, the schemes of pride, and the arts of politics, our attention can retire within; read all the workings of the busy mind, and correct it's erroneous operations: or impatient of such a narrow domain

domain it can wing its flight to aerial heights, expatiate among nobler subjects, and contemplate the more boundless and exalted considerations of eternity.



domain it can wing its flight to aerial heights  
expatiate among nobler subjects and contem-  
plate the more boundless and exalted con-  
ditions of eternity.





( 113 )  
X.

ON THE  
ANALOGY  
BETWEEN  
PAINTING, POETRY,  
AND  
MUSIC.

————— CARMINA certe  
Sunt *pietura loquens*, mutum est *pietura poema*.  
Incert. ab ARISTOT. Poet.

THE strong connection there is between every part of the whole circle of arts and sciences has been often judiciously observed by \* some of the most celebrated of the antient moralists; and it would be no very difficult matter to produce many instances to confirm and justify these observations: for the present however I shall confine myself to a few reflections upon the similitude between the effects of painting, poetry, and music; which have a peculiar influence over our passions, give new  
O 3 grace,

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\* PLATO *Epinom.* TULL. *De Oratore*, Lib. iiii.

grace, if not often a very being to *beauty* itself, and are advantageously, as well as properly employed in the decoration of *truth*.

All the different modifications of these sister-arts may properly be reduced to three heads, the sublime, the pathetic, and the simple, under which the multiplicity of their effects are comprehended.

The mediums they make use of in their Address to the senses are colours, words and sounds; and the sensations they occasion are in proportion to the force with which they act. For with whatever degree of force either of them affects the senses, the passions are operated upon, and the judgment generally influenced in the same proportion, just as the force of action and re-action are equal in the mechanic laws.

But, to consider this a little more minutely, let us begin with painting. The effect proceeding from the sight of a picture is always equal to a certain arrangement of lines, and disposition of light and shade, striking the *retina* with the complex idea of any given figure. If it be sublime, as the picture of *Bellisarius*, the idea excited is noble, full of majesty and grandeur, and raises in the spectator an admiration equal to his perception. For as every spectator has not an equal perception,

tion, the effect produced will not be the same in all. As a Geometrician would demonstrate the difference; A will be affected twelve times more than M, because M's perception is twelve times less than A's; and while M is only affected with the simple idea of one, A (for the reason above given) is affected with the complex idea of twelve; and while M only views it as a plain surface composed of certain lines, light, and shade, expressive of a group of figures; A considers it as an assemblage of lines, light, and shade expressive of various attitudes, different passions, and complicated distress.

This, by the way, seems a confirmation of the truth of the late ingenious Mr. HUTCHESON's doctrine, "that there is no such thing "as absolute beauty;" for, if there was beauty absolutely inherent in any object, it would equally affect every spectator, without any regard to their different perceptions. Every one acknowledges the brightness of the sun, because it is essentially bright; but every one does not allow that this lady, or that lady is beautiful. And why? because beauty is not absolutely inherent in her person, but only proportionable to the perception of each spectator.

To return. As two different persons are so variously affected by the sight of a picture, which we find is owing to a different degree



of perception, let us examine how the case stands with poetry.

As painting consists of lines, light, and shade, poetry is constituted by words † lines, and periods ; which, as they are capable, as well as lines, light, and shade, of an infinite variety of forms, must naturally occasion an infinite variety of ideas. Thus, as the paintings of **RAPHAEL** are soft and pathetic, and those of **RUBENS** are strong and bold, different spectators are differently affected by them according to their different perceptions. This is equally observable in poetry ; read to one person the distresses of *Castalio*, full of every interesting circumstance, and struck with every passionate relation, he will sympathize in all his fortunes, and discover the strongest emotions of compassion : read to another the struggles of **CATO** in the cause of liberty, his breast pants strong with the love of his country, he is animated with the glorious example of the illustrious *Roman*, is fired with bravery, and discovers all the workings of exalted patriotism.

Nor is this only the case with persons whose geniuses are not greatly improved by education ;  
but

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† As the Reader may wonder why *Sentiment* is excluded from the number of the *mediums* made use of by poetry, I think it necessary to observe, that I look upon *words* as only the *habit* of *Sentiment*, and make use of them only in that sense.

but with those who have the greatest advantages of learning ; for ask two persons their opinions of SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES, it is great odds but they vary in their sentiments, and that each approves his favourite author. This case so frequently occurs, that none with the least shadow of reason dare contradict it ; and it is so glaringly manifest in the opinions of the critical world concerning HOMER and VIRGIL, that it will silence all controversy and cavil.

Thus we find that the effects produced by painting and poetry are identically the same, and connected by the strongest analogy. Let us now proceed to our enquiry about music.

The mediums made use of by painting we find to be lines, light, and shade. Those employed in the service of poetry are words, lines, and periods ; and the vehicle by which music is conveyed to us is only sound differently modified into concords and discords, which by a just modulation produce harmony.

Music in all ages has been distinguished by its surprizing influence, and, should we credit the accounts given of it by antient writers, we should be lost in wonder and amazement ; but, as they are many of them fabulous, and only emblematic of its great

great power over the human mind, we shall omit considering it's antient splendor, and limit our enquiry to it's present state; which, though by some supposed inferior to it's pristine glory, is however surprizing; for to determine how such an infinite variety of sounds can be produced by so scanty materials, is certainly marvelous in the highest degree, and greatly beyond the reach of conception. But indeed all the sisters, offspring of the graces, partake of the same amiable accomplishments, which command our admiration; for as one captivates us by an exquisite assemblage of colours, and the other charms us by an agreeable arrangement of words, the third transports us by an harmonious modulation of Sounds.

The same fate is destined for music, as for painting and poetry; for, as they meet not with an equal veneration from all their devotees, neither does she share an equal warmth and affection from all her admirers. For, as they chance to suit the taste of their *enamorati*, they meet with a proportionable adoration and respect. Thus, if she chuses to adorn herself with the the rich brocade, and noble embroidery of **HANDEL**, she flaunts above the addresses of the vulgar, and meets only the embraces of the great and polite: or, if she rather pleases to glide with easy grace, *simplex munditiis*, in the neat dress of **STANLEY**, her ambition soars no higher than the middle region.

Thus



Thus the effects produced by painting, poetry, and music upon an impartial survey bear the exactest resemblance; and though the instruments of their operation are distinct, and various, yet we find an identical analogy in their actions. Each meets from it's respective admirers, with a degree of approbation proportionable to it's influence upon their percipient faculties, just as the vibration of a chord is in a direct *Ratio* to the acting power: nor can either of them in however exalted a degree raise a greater idea of perfection, than what necessarily proceeds from the sensations it excites.

Upon the whole; not only the performers, but the judges of excellence in these sister-arts we have been reflecting upon, how much soever they are capable of improvement from opportunities of imitating the best models, seem at first to require a certain spark of genius, a *divine particle*, which, like a ray from Heaven, must kindle and animate the sluggish soul. This is the \* *propitious eye* with which the *muse* is said to regard a rising genius; and hence came the maxim, that "a Poet must be born a Poet."

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\* "Quem tu Melpomene semel  
Nascentem placido lumine videris, &c."

HOR. Od. 3. Lib. IV.

See the whole ode, which is so elegant, that SCALIGER calls it sweeter than Nectar or Ambrosia, declares he had rather have wrote it than many of the Hymns of PINDAR, and would sooner be author of an ode like this, than KING OF SPAIN. Poet. Lib. VI.



THE  
FACULTIES  
OF THE  
MIND.

THE FACULTIES OF THE MIND are those powers which enable us to acquire and retain knowledge of the world around us, and of our own minds.

THE FACULTIES OF THE MIND are divided into two classes, the *Intellectual* and the *Moral*. The *Intellectual* faculties are those which enable us to acquire and retain knowledge of the world around us, and of our own minds. The *Moral* faculties are those which enable us to acquire and retain knowledge of the world around us, and of our own minds.



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**XI.**  
**ON THE**  
**FACULTIES**  
**OF THE**

**MIND.**

— *Quid mirum noscere mundum*

*Si possunt Homines, quibus est & mundus in ipsis,  
Exemplumque DEI Quisque est in imagine parvâ ?*  
**MANIL. Astronom.**

**T**HERE is no speculation yields a richer repast to the thinking part of mankind than seriously to contemplate the methodical process of the mind in the elaboratory of knowledge. The *apparatus* it makes use of, is so stupendous, and wonderful, that a *Virtuoso*, who considers it minutely, is struck with admiration, and rewarded with amusement and instruction.

The

The pleasure and satisfaction the naturalist enjoys, in observing the gradual advancement of an herb, or flower from it's infant state to it's greatest perfection, is a satisfactory recompence for all his tedious hours of attendance: and the delight and improvement a speculatist reaps in contemplating the progress of the mind through its different stages in the pursuit of knowledge, is an ample reward for the most elaborate attention.

After the most critical and exact anatomy of the mind the accurate Mr. Lock determinately resolves the inlets of our ideas into *sensation*, and *reflection*. From these two sources spring the infinite variety of subjects, which court the notice, and employ the observation of the intellectual faculties; and without which the mind might with the greatest propriety be emblematically represented by a sheet of paper unimpressed with any characters.

It is true, some authors assert innate principles of knowledge; but as Mr. Lock in his most minute dissections of the *human understanding* has met with no reasons in support of that opinion, he utterly condemns it as most erroneous, and unphilosophical. Upon the authority of this great *intellectual anatomist* we rest the validity of this argument, and receive as one of the most established philosophical *data*, that  
sensation



sensation and reflection are the original and primary instruments in carrying on the mental commerce.

As an unbroken † analogy subsists throughout the boundless whole ; in the intellectual republic a due subordination of rank, and an uniform institution of order is as regularly preserved, as in the more visible polity of states and kingdoms. As the state of *Rome* had its *Triumvirate*, determining judicial and national affairs, under whom were many inferior, and subordinate officers, each employed in his respective branch of politics, tending, as their centre, to the public weal ; so in this no less harmonious system a *Triumvirate* presides, regulating the whole scheme of affairs, and conducting the grand machine with the utmost œconomy.

FANCY, as best adapted to \* his genius, is employed in receiving into the public store-house  
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† It were easy to shew this *universal analogy*, which so glaringly subsists through the *boundless whole*, that the least attention in a serious enquirer would undoubtedly discover it ; but, as the speculation will yield matter of entertainment, we shall purposely omit it, as a source of amusement in reversion for the candid reader.

\* Tho' *Fancy* is generally ranked among the female sex, the candid reader, we hope, will easily excuse the *metamorphosis* ; especially when he recollects that great propensity to change, which demonstrates itself her ruling passion, and is admirably described by Mr. WHARTON in an ingenious *Ode* to that Goddess ; and more easily in deference to our *modern fine ladies*, who by their changes in dress betray their fondness for transformation.

the commodities requisite for carrying on trade ; and in collecting materials necessary for future demands. To this end his office, or apartment is most commodiously situated to be easy of access to strangers ; and, as his disposition is singularly inquisitive, and curious, he makes himself very ready of address, while he urges his solicitations for novelty, and indulges his enquiries about foreign transactions. As his demands are universal, his negotiations are supported by an extensive commerce, not only in domestic goods, but in foreign productions ; for he holds an uninterrupted correspondence with the *European* nations, and frequently extends his mercantile orders to most parts of the inhabited Globe. And, as there are no particular limitations to his power, he is more than ordinarily diligent in collecting the curiosities of former ages, and in amassing the elegant rarities of *Greece* and *Italy*, to answer the demands of particular customers.

As FANCY himself is of a volatile, and flighty disposition ; that he may not be defective in answering orders from the customers of his own complexion, he employs certain servants to ransack the regions of vision and chimera, and collect every little trifle which may amuse, and tickle the imaginations of the light and airy. And indeed to this fraternal respect the world owes its gratitude for several important, and extraordinary performances,

so

so much the passion of the present *Beau Monde*; in the Republick of Letters, for the elaborate essays of the \* *Inspector General*, and the miraculous orations of the *Rationlist*, which (as SHAKESPEAR says of the *Lunatic*)

*Are of imagination all compact,*

and by no means burthened with any thing of greater weight, or more solidity; and in the school of art for the most sovereign *nostra* of important WARD, and *antiarthritic* DRAKE.

It were an endless undertaking to endeavour to give a particular detail of this tradesman's business; and as fruitless an employment, as to attempt the memoirs of the *choice spirits* † of this great *metropolis*; who spend their hours of gallantry in alternately fleeting round the void of sense, or in fly-blowing the reputation of some lady superior to their impotent addresses.

But however, this we may take for granted, that *Fancy* is employed as the drudge of his intellectual brothers, who, being of more

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elevated

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\* The world has received too much instruction and amusement from *one* party, and too much benefit and service from the *other*, not to rejoice at every opportunity of expressing their gratitude; and though I am under obligation to neither, yet I cannot persuade myself, at present to omit paying my obeysance to persons so deservedly famous in this age and nation.

† A nickname for the most *distinguished rakes* of the present age.



elevated, and refined capacities, make use of him as a mere leaden pipe to convey fresh streams of intelligence, while they, like gold, silver, and the nobler metals, are reserved for more exalted purposes.

FANCY having collected into the storehouse the various materials requisite for the important undertaking, the next thing to be done is a proper disposition, and arrangement of the several articles, and a narrow inspection into the intrinsic value of the goods. This superior charge is the peculiar province of JUDGMENT, who with the greatest circumspection, and care is cautiously set to examine every commodity, to separate the good from the bad, and distinguish between entered and contraband ware.

As in laws enacted for the good of mankind, the compiling is an undertaking inferior to a judicious selection of articles, and a proper execution; so in this literary republick the collection of materials is an employment subservient to a critical examination, and a prudent choice of the goods: that may be the business of any illiterate journeyman, or mechanical genius, but this requires a mature understanding, and a penetrating sagacity.

A regular

A regular process too is observed in this, as well as in any other laboratory; for a gradual progression is necessary to perfection, which is only attainable by methodical preparations, and prudential advances. It is not enough that the several necessary ingredients are collected; a regular distribution, and a proper refinement of each is to be effected by a most judicious circumspection, without which the

—————*Rudis indigestaque moles*

will exactly resemble the rest of OVID's description of the *Chaos*,

*Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.*

METAM. Lib. I.

In every undertaking an exact gradation, and an uniform method are strictly observed; without which, confusion and anarchy would usurp the place of harmony, and order, and render every endeavour to improvement abortive. For, by a due observation of these principal laws, all mechanical professions advance in excellence; and by a neglect of them they lose that improvement, of which they are respectively capable.

The case is the same in the intellectual laboratory, for, if the materials collected by *Fancy* are not carefully examined, and properly disposed by *Judgment*, with a strict observance of method, and regularity, the elaborate endeavours to perfection are insignificant, and the most assiduous industry unavailing.

The great confusion of ideas and dark involved notions of several enterprizers in knowledge, who, with a large stock of materials have such crude and inadequate apprehensions, that their store serves only, like the multiplicity of languages of old, to confuse and perplex them, are owing to the want of a proper digestion, and refinement in the alembic of judgment.

To avoid this fruitless waste, and abusive prodigality of time, judgment makes one of the intellectual triumvirate; not only properly to dispose the materials, but to superintend and order a regular scheme of proceeding, to be observed by young proficients, which both assists them in their gradual juvenile advances, and is of infinite service afterwards in their maturer studies. For even then, if they proceed not according to method, they trifle with their time, and in vain attempt the capital of knowledge, which is to be attacked in the same manner experienced commanders use in besieging a fortress, by gradual approaches, and not by a rash, hasty, and injudicious storm.

And here again appears one chain of that universal analogy hinted at before; for as herbs, flowers, and all the productions of the natural world are brought to perfection by a regular encrease, and a just progression, so we find  
 mental



mental improvements are effected by uniform advances, and dependent gradations : and as those are brought to maturity by the power of the sun, so these are ripened into completion by the influence of the judgement.

We find the inherent lustre of the diamond displaying itself, and darting it's radiance, obedient to the polish of the lapidary ; the manufactories of silks spreading their rich brocades, observant of the operation of the artist ; and the lofty structure rising in proportion to the architect's labour. Thus the understanding gradually dilates itself : opens its foldings, refines its powers, and enlarges its faculties conformably to the operations of the judgment.

In vain do the most extraordinary adventurers in fancy indulge the spirit of emulation, or enter the lists of glory, without the more temperate, and substantial suggestions of judgement ; for their most daring flights and proudest aspirings, like the soarings of *Icarus*, betray the want of a judicious leader, and precipitate them into an immature fate.

The luxuriance of a tree yields to the amputation of the pruning hook, and the redundancy of fancy to the correction of the judgement.

The irregular sallies of fancy, like irregular vibrations of the pulse, are infallible indications of an actual, or approaching disorder ; which, as detrimental, loudly demand the physician's immediate application. For, if proper medicines be not timely administered, a raging fever may be the consequence, which will prey upon the spirits to their utter destruction, and blast every expectation of future health.

A fancy, that is indulged in it's boldest enthusiasm, soars on eagle-wings beyond controul, stretching it's aspirings too far ; and either loses it's self among the clouds, or, falling headlong, shares one common fate with the giddy ambition, of which the antients have given us a picture in the story of *Phaeton*.

To prevent such melancholy events in the intellectual republic is the distinguishing employment of judgment ; who, by a prudent correction of fancy, and a cautious government of his unruly disposition, restrains the natural impetuosity of his fire : for an intense heat of fancy is as fatal to the growth of mental excellences, as a scorching beam of the sun is to the maturity of natural productions.

The materials collected by fancy being thus refined, and prepared in the chemical alembic of judgment, they are transferred over to the  
third

third person in the triumvirate; who takes a review of the possessions, and has a catalogue of them ever ready to be produced when they are required. To this end memory † is appointed by unanimous consent, as being best formed by nature for such a momentous employment, being endued with capacities adequate to the undertaking, and capable of the most extensive correspondence requisite in commerce.

As the nature and disposition of memory is essentially active, he continually employs himself in his own respective province, either in ransacking the ware already in the storehouse, or in receiving fresh supplies from his intellectual assistants. And in this he is extremely happy, for a spirit of activity is the distinguishing characteristic of his associates, each indefatigably exercising his peculiar talent in his particular employment to promote the improvement and perfection of the business with all possible expedition.

Many, and large are the demands upon memory; and these not only require a prodigious stock of commodities, but an expeditious as well as regular return, which would be poorly executed

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† It is hoped, the candid reader will excuse the *masculinating* this Goddess, when he considers her *Proteus*-like appearance in various forms.

*Variantibus, quasi PROTEUS, gessit formis. LIV.*



executed by a tardy and indolent capacity. But he is particularly remarkable in a ready apprehension, and a quick observance of commissions, which amazingly discovers itself in a proper assortment, and an instantaneous display of his goods.

The capacity and employment of memory is significantly represented by the cabinets of judicious *virtuosi*, which are furnished with a select assortment of rarities, the most celebrated improvements of art, and most remarkable productions of nature, ready upon the shortest notice to be produced for the entertainment, and improvement of the curious. Childish toys, and trifling baubles are strangers to both; and nothing is admitted into their sacred repositories, but what is intrinsically valuable; for as their designs are the same, namely, entertainment, and instruction, they receive nothing foreign to those ends, nor burthen themselves with useless furniture.

Such is the business of the intellectual triumvirate; who are employed to collect, refine, and supply the several materials requisite for the important commerce of knowledge; without whose immediate aid the various faculties of the mind would be so many useless, and inert properties, of no avail

in

in themselves to satisfy its insatiate thirst, being destitute of proper means to traffic in that valuable commodity.

It might be necessary to make an apology for the singularity of several sentiments here advanced, as interfering with some of the stated principles of the great Mr. LOCK; but the candid reader will please to observe, that we readily admit of his system, and only advance, that the inlets of ideas, which he speaks of, are employed by the faculties we have mentioned, as the maritime powers of our nation are by our wealthy merchants; that is, in importing foreign commodities, with which they may abundantly supply the markets at home.

## XII. UPON

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## XII.

## UPON THE

## FOR CE

## OF

## EXAMPLE.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subiecta fidelibus, & quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.* — — —

HOR. De. Art. Poet.

**I**T is an old and true observation, says a very distinguished author, that examples work more forcibly on the mind of man, than precepts: for these, however good and engaging, only dwell upon the surface of the heart, and never sink deep into, or make any lasting impressions upon the mind, but those act with more energy, and emphatically operate in more durable impressions.

When we have a living example of exalted virtue before us, struck with an awful adoration

adoration of his sacred mein, we are fired with emulation to copy his perfection, and with bee-like delicacy cull all the sweets from that luxuriant hoard : but when we only read an account of some celebrated person, eminent for virtue, we indeed may revere the lovely portrait delineated by the historian's pen, and with a calm admiration respect the illustrious personage ; but, as the passions are not roused by an actual influence of his presence, these effects will only boast a momentary duration.

A living example of virtue strikes us most powerfully ; there we see the finest features of the mind, and, from the radiant effulgence they beam out, catch some of the bright emanations, and value them as their richest jewels that adorn our lives. With the art of the skilful chymist we extract the essential constituents of goodness, and with the judgment and dexterity of the ingenious anatomist inject them into our own bosoms ; there, with proper culture, they mellow into maturity, and in due season break out into the brightest radiance of virtue, which is the strongest recommendation to the favour of the world.

Thus examples retain their full force, and active energy upon the soul ; while precepts, adapted solely to speculation, gradually languish, and

and seldom ripen into execution; like objects represented in glasses, which have only an negative essence, their impressions are faint, and languid, of transitory being, and soon sink into oblivion. It is therefore an indisputable truth, that one man by a good example does more real benefit, and substantial service to the public, than a hundred mere theorists, and compilers of unavailing precepts.

But let us trace this subject a little farther. The moral reflections, and precepts occasionally interspersed through our dramatic performances make faint, and slender impressions upon a reader in his closet, but when represented, and brought into life on the stage, we catch their force, and energy, and not only look upon them as precepts intended for our observation, but as examples proposed to our imitation; when alone in our closet we only see them as the reflections of the poet, but on the stage extend our view farther, and consider the actor as the real person he represents.

Thus when Mr. *Quin* personates the character of CATO, we are not charmed with his reflections upon the immortality of the soul, merely as the reasonings of Mr. ADDISON; but by the justness of the action, the energy of expression, and the natural emotions of a great mind we are hurried to a pleasing deception,



deception, and fondly imagine that we actually hear that illustrious Roman himself. This is always the case where the actor is thoroughly affected with what he speaks, which is indispensably requisite to procure the attention, and influence the judgment of an audience. On this alone depends the merit of the player, and, if he be defective in this excellence, he in vain courts the applause of the assembly, or endeavours to engage their favour; for it is not the repetition of a speech with a just cadence, a proper *emphasis*, and a graceful air that perfects the orator, or forms the tragedian; but it is a sympathy, and fellow-feeling in the distresses, and incidents represented, that gives a sanction to their merit, and imprints upon them a sterling value.

To return. Examples always bear a powerful ascendancy over the mind, by striking the senses more strongly than precepts; which is satisfactorily proved by daily experience. Thus the rules laid down for speaking in the excellent treatise upon *the art of speaking in public*, though they may be admirably calculated for the formation of an orator, and may greatly tend to a considerable proficiency in that art; yet notwithstanding they neither so powerfully engage the attention, nor influence the judgment, as when we hear, and see them perfectly executed by a HERRING, or a SECKER; a MURRAY, or a CAMPBELL; a GARRICK, or a BARRY.

Nor

Nor is this the case in oratory only, but in all other arts and sciences it equally prevails. Thus, though the rules of ARISTOTLE and HORACE, of POPE and \* MAURUS in poetry and criticism be absolutely just, and agreeable to nature, yet they never improve so much, nor affect so strongly, as when we see the very rules they prescribe enlivened in their own performances. So that whoever would instruct should animate his precepts by his own example, and make the lines of that admirable Poet Mr. POPE applicable to himself as well as LONGINUS.

*Thee, great LONGINUS, all the nine inspire,  
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.  
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,  
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;  
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,  
Who is himself the great sublime he draws.*

Essay upon criticism.

This is not only true with respect to arts and sciences, but is more emphatically verified in religion and morality; where, though precepts and instructions for the right conduct, and behaviour of our lives are salutary, and beneficial, yet examples are the most effectual guides, and incentives to goodness. Precepts are necessary, but subordinate ministers of instruction,  
Q and

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\* Terentianus Maurus, who wrote a treatise upon Metre

and answer the same end in our voyage through life, that the sails and other appendages of a ship do in safe steerage from haven to haven: though they are necessary, they are not the cause of her sailing intentionally from one port to another; but are subject to the government of the pilot, and under his management instrumental to a prosperous voyage.

Thus, the precepts delivered by OUR SAVIOUR in his *divine sermon on the mount*, though intirely calculated for our instruction, would fall greatly short of their intended end, if OUR SAVIOUR had not enhanced their value, and stampd upon them a most inestimable worth by his own example: But by that they accomplish their designed effects; for an example of consummate perfection, and god-like virtue, who lived seventeen centuries ago, has as great an influence upon untainted reason, and ingenuous dispositions, as if he actually existed present, and virtually criticised their actions: nay more, for they consider him as exalted into a superior nature, anxious for the good of mankind, and therefore superintending all their actions, which strikes them with an awe and reverential deference, and makes them more cautious in every part of their conduct, as under the inspection of a diyine, awful, and benevolent Being.

It



It was good advice that *SENECA* gave to his friend *Lucilius*, that he should always suppose himself in the company of *CATO*, or some of the great philosophers, who were strict and severe in their own morals; that thereby he might have a particular guard over his own actions, and be awed by their presence from any thing unbecoming the dignity of man. In this advice we may see this wise *Roman* was convinced, that the effects produced in mankind by the force of example were more considerable and permanent, than those by precept; otherwise, he would have recommended the study of some moral author, as his director, and pilot through life.

Indeed, though we have living examples of virtue before us, a serious attention to the precepts delivered us by our friends is not only judicious, and prudent, but may be of singular importance. It is not enough that we have an example of extraordinary virtue continually before our eyes, for the natural propensity to evil implanted in mankind requires besides an unwearied application to combat with irregular affections, and rivetted opinions; and in this case precepts, as necessary antidotes, opportunely lend their assistance to second the impressions of examples.

Q<sup>2</sup>

But

But still examples bear the sovereign sway. An account of any unusual *phenomenon*, or extraordinary luminary in the sky may excite our wonder and admiration, but it will stop there; different effects will be wrought by the sight of it: it will not only fill our minds with admiration, and surprize, but it will raise in our hearts august notions of the DEITY, and fix our contemplative powers on his attributes.

The religious behaviour of *Theodosius* in his family, made his whole court a nursery of religion: and *Justin Martyr* was converted by looking upon the pious lives, and patient deaths of the Martyrs.

Upon the whole; though laws are necessary and salutary to any community, and body of men, yet unless the legislature animates, and the magistrates enliven them by their own examples, adhering to a punctual discharge of them in their own lives, the executing them upon delinquents will be of small avail in the reformation of others, who will treat them with disdain, because disregarded by the enactors themselves. To a full observance of them in their own behaviour the laws of *Lycurgus*, and *Draco* gained an implicit obedience from the people; and not only commanded respect to these illustrious lawgivers,

lawgivers, but unquestionably confirmed it to us, that examples are of more sovereign excellence in the *drama* of life, than the less important though necessary communication of precepts.



Q 3

## XIII. REFLECTIONS



lawgivers, but undoubtedly confined to  
us, that examples are of more foreign ex-  
istence in the laws of this than the  
important though necessary communication of  
the principles of law to the people.  
It is not, however, in the law itself  
that it is to be found, but in the  
principles of law, which are the  
basis of the law, and which are  
the foundation of the law.

The principles of law are the  
basis of the law, and which are  
the foundation of the law.

XIII. REFLECTIONS

## XIII.

## REFLECTIONS

UPON THE

COMMONSTILE

OF

EPITAPHS.

—— — *Tanto major famæ fitis quam**Virtutis ——— Patriam tamen obruit olim**Gloria paucorum, & laudis, titulique cupido**Hæfuri faxis cinerum custodibus; ad quæ**Discutienda valent sterilis mala Robora fœcis :**Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata*  
*sepulchris.*—— — — — *Mors sola fatetur**Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*

JUVENAL. Sat. X.

**A**MONGST the various methods to rescue the memory of the dead from oblivion, none is more in use than *monumental Inscriptions*. Whoever has been in WESTMINSTER-ABBY will see this observation ratified

by almost innumerable examples; many of which solicit the favour of posterity in behalf of the memory of those, who perhaps never in their life-time entered the walls of that sacred structure, and whose dust, it may be, lies interred far from its consecrated earth.

The highest recommendation of an historian, or biographer, is a faithful recital of adventures, and a religious adherence to truth; these by the nature of things, as well as the universal consent of mankind are the proper criterions of merit in such kind of writings, and the tests of worth, without which an author impotently solicits approbation. But since epitaphs are only a short epitome of biography, and the most compendious annals of human life, they must certainly stand, or fall by the same judgment; and where the remains of a person are interred, whose life was memorable for no exemplary monuments of virtue, an inscription larded with the servile homage of flattery is but exposing the dead to severer censures by attempting to impose upon the living a false appearance of truth; and reviving an odious memory, which might have died in silence with the unhappy subject of it, have been buried in his grave, and have gradually sunk into the shelter of oblivion in the land where all things are forgotten.

It



It must be owned to be no more than common justice to the public to celebrate the characters of those who have deserved well of society. This may be done with the utmost truth upon the tomb stone, where it will make a stronger impression, and be received with greater candor than any panegyric upon a living hero. For many of the greatest benefactors to mankind seem to have had too great reason in all ages to \* complain of ingratitude while alive, though they met with the highest veneration, and were frequently even adored, when death had taken them away from their ignorant or invidious contemporaries.

Romes Founder, Leda's twins, the God of wine,  
By human virtues rais'd to power divine,  
While they with pious cares improv'd mankind,  
To various states their proper bounds assign'd,  
Commanded war's destroying rage to cease,  
And bless'd their cities with the arts of peace;  
Complain'd their virtues, and their toils cou'd raise,  
But slight returns of gratitude and praise.

Who

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\* ROMULUS, et LIBER pater, & cum CASTORE POLLUX,  
Post ingentia facta DEORUM in templa recepti ;

Dum terras, hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella  
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt,  
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
Speratum meritis. Diram qui contudit bydrum,  
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,  
Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.

HOR. Ep. ad AUGUSTUM.

*Who crush'd the Hydra, when to life renew'd,  
 And monsters dire with fated toil subdu'd,  
 Found that the monster envy never dies,  
 Till low in equal death her conqueror lies ;  
 † For He who soars to an unusual height,  
 Oppressive dazles with excess of light  
 The arts beneath him: yet, when dead, shall prove  
 An object worthy of esteem and love.*

FRANCIS'S *Horace*.

And again in the *Odes*

*And live to latest times an honour'd name,*

*Though living virtue we despise*

*We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.*

*Ibid.*

In the grave every spark of envy is extinguished, the rage of prejudice subsides, and faction, rancour, and malice are no more. Every little foible is no longer magnified by the jealous eye of an impotent rival, and every virtue, that was overlooked by insolent power, or neglected by contemptuous ambition, rises up in full lustre to enhance the loss of it, and shines out with unsullied brightness.

An

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† Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravas artes  
 Infra se positas: Extinctus amabitur idem. *Ibid.*

\* Clarus post-genitis, Quatenus (heu nefas!)  
 Virtutem incolumem odimus,  
 Sublatam ex oculis quarimus invidi.

*Od. XXIV. Lib III.*

An historian has unravelled the secret springs of these passions, and given us a rational account of the occasion of them in a few words :

\* “ We envy present excellences (says he) “ and revere the past ; because we look upon “ the former as depressing us, and the latter “ as furnishing us with instruction.”

The last of these reasons shews us the great use of paying the tribute of praise, and public honor to the memory of the most deserving among the dead, so long as it is confined within the sacred limits of truth ; that the merits of these *happy shades* may teach others to *resemble*, as well as *remember* them : for while they are adorned with a crown of lawrels fairly won, they seem with gracious smiles to animate posterity to follow their steps' in the laudable pursuit of fame.

If the degeneracy of mankind into selfish passions will scarce allow them to reward living merit, they have the more reason to be grateful to the memory of those who have deserved an earlier return at their hands : such are all those heroes, and worthies, with which the *Mantuan Swan* has so judiciously peopled his *Elysian Fields* ; the brave patriot bleeding  
in

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\* *Præsentia invidia, præterita veneratione prosequimur, quia his nos obrui, illis instrui credimus.* VELL. PATERG.



in defence of his country ; the worthy clergy-  
man, whose *sanctity of manners* reflects new  
grace upon the dignity of his sacred office ;  
the poet, who adorns his precepts with the  
sweetest numbers, and insinuates instruction  
by the charms of harmony,

*Who not in fancy's mazes wander'd long,  
But rose to truth and moralised his song :*

The inventers and exercisers of useful arts  
and sciences in the service of society, and  
those, whose merit and benevolence entitle  
them to be remembered as the *friends of hu-  
man kind*.

“ *Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera  
passi ;*

“ *Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat :*

“ *Quique pii vates, & ΠΑΕΒΟ digna locuti :*

“ *Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes :*

“ *Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo :*

“ *Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur tempora vittâ.*

VIRGIL. *Æneid. Lib. vi.*

*Here patriots live, who for their country's good*

*In fighting fields were prodigal of blood :*

*Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode :*

*And poets worthy their inspiring God :*

*And searching wits of more mechanic parts,*

*Who graced their age with new invented arts ;*

*These,*

*Those, who to worth their bounty did extend;  
 And those, who knew that bounty to commend.  
 The heads of these with holy fillets bound,  
 And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.*

DRYDEN.

Such characters as these, who are men useful to the generation they live in, should alone be enrolled in the sacred pages of sepulchral annals. Neither the purple and ermin of state, nor all the ensigns of power, or pageants of honour are the only sufficient credentials to ensure a posthumous life: They may indeed swell the trump of fame with the breath of vanity; but a substantial renown, which is able to brave the storms of malice, triumph over the envy of time, and rise victorious out of oblivion, can be attained by nothing less than a radiant assemblage of virtues, eminently distinguished in the service of religion, and the cause of liberty.

On the contrary, it is (alass!) a just subject of concern, that offerings to the remains of the dead, though meant to embalm their memory, and transmit it uncorrupted down to the latest posterity, are too often prostituted to ignoble purposes; for while they attempt to rescue their names from oblivion, they pollute their escutcheons with unmerited praises, and sully their tombs by the incense of adulation.

The

The tide of flattery sweeps too many down its deceitful and impetuous stream ; and, while the torrent hurries them precipitately along, the gentle eddies of sincerity and truth steal away from their observation, and leave no trace behind. Buoyed up on the swelling surges of ambition they disdain the smooth even flow of humility ; and sacrifice their integrity at the threshold of the temple of false fame.

To this are owing too many of those extravagant encomiums so commonly met with in monumental inscriptions, which, as they speak a language foreign to the heart, commit an outrage upon nature, and call for blushes from the offended marble. The most shining fal-lies of genius, and most sprightly strokes of rhetorick are played off in an absurd redundancy to aggrandize ideal merit, or magnify imaginary worth. But, while this is done in violation of sacred truth, the most delicate praises are only debauched wit, and the most ingenious sentiments no more than adulterated reason.

On the other hand bashful modesty sometimes attends the tombs of actual greatness, and silently laments the most illustrious dead. What a shining example of benevolence had been lost to the world, almost beneath a nameless stone, among the vulgar herd, who  
mingle



minge in common with the trodden soil,  
if an \* HONEST MUSE had not arose

——— *To sing the MAN OF ROSS.*

How few real emotions of the heart do we find engraved upon the monumental stone? The mind yields to the suggestions of flattery, while the venal pen sacrifices at her shrine. The various emblems generally made use of to decorate splendid monuments are only things of course; a sort of common appendages of greatness, which keep up the farce beyond the grave, that was carried on in life by a sumptuous dress and equipage, many superfluous attendants, and other trappings of living grandeur: yet the hungry genius of poetry servilely condescends to add it's harmony to grace the sculptor's art, and equally commemorates adventitious endowments.

How small in the grave are the remains of those, whose restless ambition when alive has made many nations tremble? In the next lines of that excellent *Satire* to those I have prefixed to these reflections we have a strong insult upon the vanity of some of the greatest conquerors, when all their importance was reduced to a little dust, and their victories contracted to a narrow span.

Weigh

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\* See POPE's *Ethic Epistles*.

† “ Weigh HANNIBAL ; ( says the malignant satirist ) *How many pounds will you find in that great general ? This is he whom Africa could not contain within it's utmost limits ! Neither the Pyreneans, nor snowy Alps could stop him, nor Spain and Italy content him !*” And again a little lower of ALEXANDER the Great, “ One globe is not sufficient for the Macedonian Youth ! he is as unhappy to be bounded by the whole world, as if he was pent up on a narrow rock. Yet when he comes to *Babylon* he will be contented with a coffin.” \*

Funeral honors may indeed please surviving friends, and sometimes catch the living eye of vanity, and kindle a laudable emulation in the breast that is fond of fame ; otherwise with

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† *Expende ANNIBALEM ; Quot libras in duce summo Invenies ? Hic est quem non capit Africa Mauro Persusa oceano, Niloque admota tepenti. Rursus ad Æthiopum populos, aliosque Elephantos Additur imperiis Hispania : Pyrenæum Transiit. Opposuit Natura Alpemque Nivemque : Diducit Scopulos & montem rumpit aceto. Jam tenet Italiam ; tamen ultra pergere tendit. Aluum, inquit, nihil est. ni Pæno milite Portas Frangimus & media vexillum pono suburra.*

JUVENAL Sat. X.

\* *Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit Orbis ! Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi, Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvaque Seripho ; Cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem Sarcophago contentus erit. Mors sola fatetur Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*

ibid.

with regard to the dead only they prove \* an empty, idle, insignificant office,

Though their ears were once open to the soothing blandishments of praise, and their imaginations tickled with the addresses of flattery, the scene is now changed, their titles are levelled with the worms, and their ensigns of pride humbled in the dust. All place, and distinction are now at an end, and the only heralds of their superior eminence, which alone will immortalize them, when imperial columns sink in ruins, and marble monuments are mouldered down to common clay, are the sweet-smelling savour of exemplary virtue, and the grateful incense of intrinsic worth.

The ingenious Mr. MASON in those admirable lines of his, which he adapts to Mr. POPE upon his death-bed, has anticipated my sentiments, and cut out a proper channel for the stream of monumental compositions to flow in; and, as his topics of panegyric might with little variation be applicable to the excellences of every good and worthy character

R

as

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\* As VIRGIL says of the flowers he strewed on the recent tomb of MARCELLUS.

*His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani*

Munere

The *dead Prince* indeed could reap no benefit from these praises, but the *living Poet* found his account in it; since he received a handsome Reward from his mother OCTAVIA for every line which was dedicated to the memory of her son.



as well as that of the great Poet he celebrates, I shall take the liberty to make use of them to close the present Essay.

“ All praise is foreign, but of true desert :

“ Plays round the head, but comes not to the  
“ heart.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

“ To sway the judgment while he charms the  
“ ear ;

“ To curb mad passion in its wild career ;

“ To blend with skill, as loftiest themes inspire,

“ All reason's vigour, and all fancy's fire ;

“ Be this the Poet's praise. With this uncrown'd,

“ Wit dies a jest, and poetry a sound.

“ Come then that honest fame ; whose sober  
“ ray

“ Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay ;

“ Which dawns, tho' thou, rough **DONNE**, hew  
“ out the line,

“ But beams, sage **HORACE**, from each strain  
“ of thine.

“ O ! if like these one poet more could brave

“ The venal statesman, or the titled slave ;

“ Brand frontless vice, strip all her stars and  
“ strings,

“ Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings :

“ Yet

" Yet stoop to virtue, tho' the prostrate maid  
 " Lay sadly pale in bleak misfortune's shade :  
 " If grave, yet lively ; rational, tho' warm ;  
 " Clear, to convince ; and eloquent to charm ;  
 " He pour'd, for her lov'd cause, serene along  
 " The purest precept, in the sweetest song :  
 " For her lov'd cause, he trac'd his moral plan,  
 " Yon various region of bewild'ring man ;  
 " Explor'd alike each scene, that frown'd, or  
     " smil'd  
 " The flow'ry garden, or the weedy wild ;  
 " Unmov'd by sophistry, unaw'd by name,  
 " No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame ;  
 " Led by no system's devious light astray,  
 " As earth-born meteors glitter to betray :  
 " But all his soul to reason's rule resign'd,  
 " And heaven's own views fair-op'ning to his  
     " mind,  
 " Catch'd from bright nature's flame the living  
     " ray,  
 " Thro' passion's cloud pour'd in resistless day ;  
 " And this great truth in all it's lustre shew'd,  
 " That GOD IS WISE, and ALL CREATION  
     " GOOD ;  
 " If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays ;  
 " Praise less than this, is impotence of praise."





( 262 )  
XIV.

ON THE  
MANNER  
OF WRITING  
ESSAYS

*Est brevitæ opus ut currat sententia, neu se  
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures.*

*Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosò ;  
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris, atque Poetæ ;  
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque  
Extenuantis eas consultò, — — —*

HOR. Lib. I. Sat. X.

**B**EFORE I conclude this collection it may neither be amiss, nor unentertaining to the reader, as an appendix to the whole, to say something of the nature of that species of compositions in general called Essays,

As they are commonly intended to entertain, they should neither be metaphysically dry, nor sophistically dull ; neither cramped with the fetters of stiff formality,

nor clogged with a cumbersome load of elaborate expressions. The sentiment should not labour through a profound chain of reasoning, which, by engaging the full attention of the reader, instead of an agreeable amusement drags him to a tedious and troublesome exercise ; but should be reflected through a radiant assemblage of natural incidents, engaging fables, and humourous narrations ; whose dress should be the elegant drapery of fluent expression, unembarrassed with the taudry decorations of insipid antithesis, and unmeaning metaphors.

It is difficult, if we adhere to the most rigid rules, to find any performances truly essayical, and even those which challenge the greatest merit can only be comparatively admired ; for the most finished, are only stronger illustrations of the truth of that observation of the great Mr. POPE,

*Who'er expects a perfect piece to see,*

*Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be.*

Essay on Criticism.

Since the best are but impotent endeavours to attain perfection.

In this class, I think it is generally agreed, the works of Mr. ADDISON are the first champions for fame, which, for the most part,  
are

are only the ingenious dalliances of an elevated fancy, exalted beyond the region of Essays, and notwithstanding their superior excellence, they are only like our home-bred pine apples, inferior productions of nature. As I am not singular in this opinion, I hope I shall escape the imputation of presumption in censuring the writings of so distinguished a genius as the *Spectator*, especially as the late Dr. M\*\*\*\*, who has obliged the world with several volumes as polite and learned as any this nation can boast, only regarded them as the correcter foibles of genius, however it is certain they are most glorious foibles, such as none but a genius could commit, and productive of serious good. \*

As to the subject of Essays, it is as boundless as the works of nature, which presents a topic in every page of its prodigious volume, and furnishes the Essayist with inexhaustable materials from imperceptible *Animalcula* to the enormous structure of mount *Arrarat*. Every tenet in religion, every opinion in morality, every atom in philosophy, every individual in natural history is a copious theme: nay, wit, pleasantry, fable, and satyr, respectively employ the pens of the ingenious, and call into being a SPENCER, a SHAKESPAR, a

R 4

POPE,

\* ——— Hæ Nugæ seria ducunt

In Bona.

Hœa.



POPE and FIELDING. Every vice and folly may entertain with the most delicate traits of satyr, but personal reflection alone is without the verge of the Essayist, and loudly challenges universal resentment. "Every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner; and to annoy them, wherever they fall in his way, is but retalliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others."

The length of an Essay, as it is meant for entertainment, should not exceed the bounds sufficient for the end in view. For a length of pages, like a tedious journey, harrasses the spirits, and takes off that relish for the beauties we meet in the road which would otherwise delight and amuse. Besides, before we have travelled through the whole, as Essays are supposed not greatly to engross our attention, by immoderate length we lose what we have read, as a wearied traveller forgets before he arrives at the inn, the different objects that accosted him in his whole day's ride.

As Essays are the shortest productions of genius, a particular delicacy is highly requisite both in the sentiment and diction, to preserve that easy elegance, that *simplex munditiis*, which is the distinguishing deshabille of

of politeness, and the familiar undress of a fine gentleman. For as a courtier is remarkable in nothing more than an easy address, a genteel air, and an affable behaviour, so no greater excellence can recommend an Essay, than an attic elegance and a courtly politeness diffused through the whole. No private character should be dragged into light, but every stroke should be copied from the volume which nature presents; every scene of life should be represented in natural colours, and every species of folly and humour ridiculed with the most exquisite touches. As the tints of a painter are most delicate in the finest lineaments of a face, so should the strokes of an essayist be most polished in personal reflection; and as a subject too tender for probing, he should apply the softest lenitives to particulars, though he cut with the sharpest incisions the vice in general.

Some are apt in works of this sort to vent a torrent of spleen, and ill-nature, and loose the exalted sentiments of a generous mind in the loathsome sink of a libel or lampoon. Like poachers in shooting they let fly at every quarry, and to indulge a vein of rancour sacrifice a reputation without mercy, and call forth with unrelenting cruelty the tender tear of the soft-eyed virgin, who lamentably feels the fatal effects of a wounded character.

Good

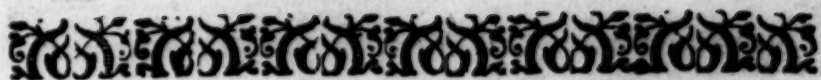
*Good name in man and woman,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;  
Who steals my purse steals trash,  
'Tis something, nothing ;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed. —*

SHAKESPEAR'S *Othello*.

And now having given my sentiments of essay-writing in general, I am conscious I ought to solicit the candour and good-nature of my readers in behalf of what I have presented them with in the course of these sheets, which I am sensible are very imperfect examples of that excellence I have here endeavoured to portray ; but as most of them are the product of a juvenile fancy, and precipitant temper, I flatter myself I shall meet with the indulgence of the learned, who will look upon these, as what they were really intended for, well-meant endeavours to entertain the public ; so I shall conclude with Mr. MASON's address at the end of his excellent *Monody* upon Mr. POPE's death.

*Yet read aright, and if this friendly lay  
Thou natheless judgest all too slight and vain,  
Let my well-meaning mend my ill essay.*





# EPISTLES

ON

## Various Subjects.

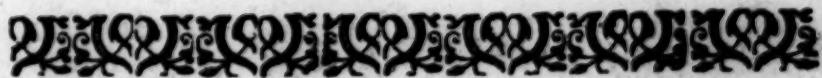
*Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim*

*Credebat libris — — — — —*

*— — — — — Quo fit ut omnis*

*Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ*

*Vita. — — — — — HOR. Lib. ii. Sat. 1.*



EPISTLES

Various Subjects.

Christianity

to the

to the

to the

## E P I S T L E S

ON

## VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

November 20, 1744.

S I R,

**T**HE the natural coldness of your climate, and the suggestions of prudence, recommend a more than ordinary care in preparing against the inclemency of the approaching season, which requires not only chearful society to dispel the gloom of its melancholy countenance, but warm habitations to arm against its rudeness and severity. Though you are happy in a good neighbourhood, and an agreeable family, yet as \*\*\* is more exposed to the vehemence of the weather, and the fury of the storm than \*\*\*\*; if you will commemorate with me the succeeding festivals, the warmth of friendship, added to our more temperate situation, may effectually preserve you from your unwelcome annual visitant.

But



But as I have never had the pleasure of seeing you at this place, where you shall meet with a sincerer welcome than an handsome accommodation, lest your own fancy should paint it beyond the life, along with my invitation I send you a description of what you must expect to meet with. Imagination, you know is ever at work to supply deficiencies when kept in suspense, and as that is a state of absolute uneasiness, I will rather expose my own imperfection in painting, than rouse disagreeable emotions in my friend.

The little edifice I inhabit is agreeably situated in the bosom of a grove upon the margin of a limpid stream, which by its manifold meanders seems unwilling to forsake the place. Through this grove are cut several vistas, which either soon terminate in pleasing objects, or open to the eye an extensive prospect into a delightful country. In these walks it is that I pass many of my leisure hours, either rapt in contemplation, anticipating social endearments, or lamenting the dreadful situation of our wounded country. Here while the Year is youthful and gay, I enjoy at the expence of nature an aviary, harmonious beyond the the divine CORELLI, or enchanting HANDEL, inhabited by the choiristers of air, who sing their gratitude to Heaven in artless strains, and warble their loves through undissembling throats : here it is too, when the  
year

year grows old and infirm, that I draw lessons of morality, and emblems of life from the withered countenance of nature.

At the extent of the grove towards the north is the temple of modern liberty, tottering on its base, and projecting towards ruin. This, when I approach, fills me with the idea of our present situation, which crouds upon my mind with the most complicated appendages of misery,——A country groaning with rebellious miscreants,——Villages depopulated by slaughter,——Orphans lamenting their fires,——and widows bewailing their husbands. This I seldom visit unless maternal authority commands my presence, to make me a weeping witness of languishing liberty, and a perfidious Briton.

On the south of the grove, superior to assailing misfortunes and the tooth of time, the temple of antient liberty, supported by patriotism, flourishes in all the awful dignity of state; this I often gaze at in my perambulations with a prophetic impulse, which secretly whispers, that from this part of the world, champions of freedom will overwhelm the moon-struck slaves by a torrent of revenge, and plunge them in the sink of their unnatural revolt. The east and west angles are barren of emblems, but fill the eye with a richly variegated country, either smiling with  
the

the riches of *Ceres*, blushing with the treasures of *Pomona*, or breathing with the shepherd's or the milkmaid's care.

*Dark forests, and the opening lawn, refresh'd  
With ever-gushing brooks, bill, meadow, dale  
The balmy bean-field, the gay-clover'd close,  
So sweetly interchang'd; the lowing ox,  
The playful lamb, the distant water-fall  
Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze;  
The sound of pastoral reed from hazle-bow'r,  
The choral bird, the neighing steed, that snuffs  
His dappled mate, stung with intense desire;  
The ripen'd orchard, when the ruddy orbs  
Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,  
The chearful sun, that thro' th' earth's vitals pours  
Delight, and health, and heat, all, all conspire  
To raise, to sooth, to harmonize the mind;  
To lift on wings of praise to the great Sire  
Of being and of beauty, at whose nod  
Creation started from the gloomy vault  
Of dreary Chaos, while the griesly king  
Murmur'd to feel his boisterous power confin'd.*

————— The Enthusiast.

I have a garden too, but as it is not in any thing remarkably particular, it shall not be crowded into my landscape. One circumstance had almost escaped me, but the appearance of my gardener revives it in my memory. As there is a platform of flowers in the middle, by way of allurement to strangers, it gives my



my operator, who is epidemically a florist, inexpressible uneasiness, that with all his industry and art the production of a sun-flower mocks his assiduity, and renders all his endeavours abortive. This, I assure you, as it is matter of great concern to him, is a fund of satisfaction to me, for a sun-flower, the emblem of sycophants, and the fawning generation, who in the meridian of fortune bask in our sunshine, and forsake us in the night of distress, is my utter abhorrence and detestation.

My house is more calculated for convenience than shew, being neither decorated with the elegance of the *Corinthian* order, nor burnished with the needless ornaments of *high relief*, which, like the fine-spun labours of *Arachne's* loom, impotently oppose the brush of time. The magnificence, and grandeur of the architect are lost in the more important calculations of usefulness; and the pomp and parade of *Salloon* and *Dome* are sunk in the necessary consideration of convenient apartments.

The furniture is the equipage of nature; no superfluities croud me with their unnecessary presence, nor gaudy ornaments disgust me with their needless glare.

*Metbinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure  
The needless pomp of gawdy furniture.*

Pomfret.

Instead of family peices, at once the ensigns and the littleness of grandeur, I have a few paintings, which, as they are truly historical, are intrinsically valuable; but, what I esteem most in the collection, is the representation of a country threatened with a deluge; an emblem expressive of our present situation, which a conisseur assures me is the work of a master done in the time of the civil wars at *Rome*, and given me by a modern virtuoso. I have no plate embossed with the expensive embellishments of art, which serve only to load an unnecessary sideboard, and attract the eye of an unthinking *Midas*, who lavishly metamorphoses his bread into useless splendor, and starves amidst a profusion of his own creating.

To give you an inventory of every particular in my possession would be an extravagant abuse of my paper, and a prodigal expence of your time, besides an ill-judged anticipation of an employment, which I intend shall engross some of your hours when at\*\*\*\*. But from the little specimen I have given you you will undoubtedly conclude, that a romantic vein of humour runs through the whole, which, as widely differing, is an intended ridicule upon the present prevailing taste.

My

My way of living too is as original as the furniture I possess; for it is regulated by the whimsical direction of a sett of oeconomical aphorisms, which, like planetary influences in natural causes, operate in the conduct of my life, as you will best see when at this place. My chief residence is in a garret, in which there are two windows most commodiously situated to entertain me with every object that comes within their view. From their representation I form my first notices of external objects, for their information is as infallible as ocular demonstration, and less liable to delusion than other mediums of vision. In this apartment I keep a servant constantly to attend me, who is remarkable for a fine taste, but, as good and evil are inseparably blended, this qualification is much depreciated by an habit he has contracted from the ladies, of being an immoderate and impertinent talebearer.

As this apartment is contracted in it's dimensions for the greater convenience of respiration, I have placed about the centre two ventilators which convey streams of fresh air to the unspeakable benefit of the whole building, and often regale me with the richest and most aromatic smells in nature. These ventilators operate upon a pair of bellows placed in the middle of my house, and necessary to the being as well as the well-being



of the whole structure, which without their operation would soon lapse into it's original earth.

I have several other subordinate servants, who are extremely diligent in performing the respective employments allotted them at first by one of the best designers ; with these I will make you acquainted at a proper time, as each of them is either entertaining or instructive.

By this time I don't doubt but I have trespassed against your patience, and as I approach the utmost limits of my paper, with begging my best respects to the family at \*\*\* I remain till I have the pleasure of seeing you at \*\*\*\*

Yours sincerely.

**MADAM,**

MADAM,

'TILL this moment I could not steal an opportunity to acknowledge your last favour, which, as it broke upon me in a solitary hour, when all the pleasures and employments of life made a pause with me, dispers'd, like the brightness of the sun, or your brighter self, the gloom which melancholly had cast around me. I don't doubt but you have long since condemned me for ingratitude, and assigned me over to the punishment of your resentment, which is the minister of vengeance I dread most on this side Heaven; but I am too vain of the honour of addressing a letter to you, not to have wrote sooner, if unavoidable necessity had not prevented that happiness. And even now, when I am sit down determined to break in upon your retirement, by this herald of my affection, I protest I am ashamed of writing, for I can say nothing that deserves to be seen by such fine eyes. Dull indeed must be the senseless animal whom they cannot inspire: but really I am in the condition of the heathen prophets, — overwhelmed with the violence of the inspiration.

Shall I tell you that you are exceeding handsome? this is a truth you already know, and I feel; and a subject which braves the impotence of words, especially in one of my condition. \* \* \* \* \*

I am just returned from a scene of gaiety at \* \* \* \* races, where nothing was wanting but yourself to feed every faculty of admiration : we had the greatest number of nobility and gentry, and the most brilliant appearance of ladies at the assemblies ever known, dressed with all the elegance and taste their pretty fluttering imaginations could invent. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. \* \* \* \* \*, who, with his usual good nature and mirth, was mightily entertaining over a pool of your favourite Quadrille : he exhausted a whole quiver of wit, in saying all the pretty things he could of you, and gave life and spirit to the company, who were all your particular friends, in avowing his passion for your qualifications, while he supported his good opinion of you by a frequent repetition of the following lines,

*Is she not more than painting can express  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?*

Fair Penitent.

Pray take care of your health, which I hear has for some time been uncertain ; be not in too much haste to be an angel, but be content a while to be the fairest creature upon earth,——an example of what beauty is, and woman ought to be. Adieu, I must esteem you less before I can tell you how much I esteem you ; and that will never happen while I am ——

S I R,



S I R,

**Y**OUR favour is now before me, and should have been sooner acknowledged, had not a multiplicity of business prevented my inclination. Since I wrote to you last I have paid my congratulatory visit to Mr. \*\*\*, who, with that prudence so eminently his director in all affairs, has selected for his partner through life a most deserving and amiable lady. But why should I mention her accomplishments to you, who have felt their power, and are sensible of their excellence? The satisfaction I feel at our friend's happiness I hope will plead my excuse.

I am glad to hear of your resolution to travel, which will be undoubtedly be productive of singular advantage, as I know your intention is founded upon motives widely different from the generality of Youth. — I don't question but you have fixt upon a gentleman to attend you, as a companion and tutor, which is a preparation of the utmost importance; for the most refined entertainment, and most instructive observations, will greatly depend upon his care and understanding: nor is it enough, that he is learned in the several languages necessary to be understood, but he must be perfectly acquainted with the religion, laws, customs, manners, and dispositions of the people; and

above all remarkably exemplary in his own behaviour.

It were needless after you are furnished with a gentleman of this complexion to give you any cautions in regard to your own conduct; but my zeal for your welfare, arising from a sincere friendship, will I hope excuse a hint or two, which perhaps may be of some service to you.

Through whatever country you pass, though your curiosity may excite in you enquiries about their religion and politicks, be careful not to interfere in their church, nor enter into disputes about their state; for it is natural to think, that every nation is zealous for for their own administration, and will hardly brook reflections upon it from imprudent strangers: nor indeed can it be expected, for yourself would resent censures upon your own country, and cannot hope for different treatment from foreigners.

The customs and manners of the people may be subjects of your speculation, but never make them the topics of discourse; for in the warmth of a debate, or the unguarded inattention of conversation, some things may imprudently fall from you, which will be of ill consequence, and rouse an unexpected resentment; for

for most foreigners are of an hotter disposition, and more easily enraged than the english.

In regard to personal characters, let your prudence be directed by the judicious advice of HORACE,

*Quid, de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe caveto.*

Ep. xviii. Lib. i.

for no subject of conversation is of tenderer constitution, and requires a greater delicacy. Even innocent raillery may be of dangerous consequence, and undesigned witticisms may awaken

— — — — — Slander,  
*Whose head is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
 All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,  
 Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave  
 This viperous slander enters. — — — — —* Cimbeline.

I don't know whether I shall see you before you embark on your travels, which is one reason why I fill my paper with these suggestions of friendship; you may be sure my inclination will strain convenience, but, if I am prevented, I wish you all health and happiness in your journey, and desire, when convenient, the pleasure of your correspondence.

SIR,



SIR,

I Received your kind letter this morning, and hope this speedy answer will convince you I speak truth when I tell you that I intended to have wrote before, but was uncertain where to direct to you, as you seemed to hesitate at my departure where you would spend the summer. I am greatly obliged to you for your kind wishes for my diversion here, though it has as yet by no means been answerable to them, for the country hitherto has afforded me little pleasure. I intend to spend a week or ten days at \* \* \*, where I promise myself infinite delight, to atone for the dull weeks I have spent since I left you. My entertainments will consist chiefly of melon and mimickry, both which we shall have in exquisite perfection, not inferior in one to the greatest duke in England, nor in the other to the celebrated Mr. Foot, from which I shall at last be compelled to fly in my own defence, for the violent concussions which are the unavoidable consequence of the dialogues betwixt Mr. \* \* \* and his lady, who is as excellent in taking off characters in her own sex, as he is in his, will make it prudent to withdraw for fear of being mimicked to death.

I thank you for your poem, and am obliged to you for the confidence you repose  
on

on my judgment in submitting it to my correction; but, as it is a trust superior to my talents, I must beg you will excuse me, and believe me when I assure you I have nothing to do but admire its beauties. I wish, from this proof you have given me of your poetical genius, that you would execute your intentions of writing a tragedy, which I don't doubt will gain you great reputation, especially if you heighten it with that excellence of finishing so remarkable in your compositions.

I have read Mr. *Brookes's* answer to Dr. MIDDLETON, which you were so good as to send me; and I dare say it will answer the most sanguine expectations of the public, for in my poor judgment I never met with a more masterly performance, the language being extremely elegant, and the arguments conclusively decisive. I hope the world will be obliged to this gentleman's pen for a termination of that controversy, which has employed so many of the learned of this kingdom, for it will give me infinite pleasure to see Mr. *Brookes* first in the list of authors, as his amiable qualities deserve every encomium, and merit every instance of regard.

Had I time enough I could trouble you with a longer letter, but as I am obliged to dine at \*\*\*\*, I must beg you will excuse brevity, and believe me with the greatest sincerity yours.

S I R,

S I R,

I Return you a great many thanks for your kind invitation to \* \* \* \*, which I would cheerfully embrace, but at present several avocations and amusements confine me in town. Your friendly concern for my welfare I am thoroughly sensible of, and assure yourself, your happiness is as much the object of my wishes; for as our friendship arises from disinterested motives, and is established upon a nobler basis than the usual fundamentals of esteem, a reciprocal satisfaction is the natural consequence of our respective welfare.

With this, you will receive the copy you sent me of the choice of *Hercules*, with your annotations upon that admirable poem, which by your permission I have transcribed; and though you yourself forswear ever to publish them, I may some time or other perhaps do violence to your modesty, and usher them into the acquaintance of the world. As you desired my opinion of that poem, which I had read before in Mr. SPENCE'S *Polymetis*, and begged some additional remarks upon it, I will briefly own that I always admired it, as one of the greatest ornaments of the English poetry; but must beg you'll excuse me, as yet at least, from encreasing the number of notes.

The



The passage that most particularly strikes me is the twentieth stanza, † where the happiness enjoyed by the allies of sloth is admirably pictured by a most finished groupe of intellectual and corporeal figures, heightened to the life by the strongest lineaments of painting, infinitely expressive of their respective characters. Next to this admirable passage the twenty - fifth stanza †† claims my approbation, wherein the effects produced upon

## XX.

† Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies !  
 A youth of follies ; an old age of cares :  
 Young, yet enervate ; old, yet never wise ;  
 Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind impairs.  
 Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,  
 Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend ;  
 All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days  
 With sorrows, to the verge of life they tend ;  
 Griev'd with the present ; of the past ashamed ;  
 They live and are despis'd : they die, nor more are nam'd.

## XXV.

†† No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise  
 Masks her dissembled looks : each borrow'd grace  
 Leaves her wan cheeks ; pale sickness clouds her eyes  
 Livid and sunk, and passions dim her Face.  
 As when fair *Iris* has a while display'd  
 Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay ;  
 While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,  
 And from our wonder gently steal away :  
 Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,  
 Now lours the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to the sight.

on sloth by the address of virtue are excellently delineated in a most beautiful allusion to the rainbow, which charms the view through the radiant effulgence of a poetic medium.

At present let this partial account of my approbation suffice, a more particular enumeration of it's beauties may hereafter entertain us in a social hour, while we wander amidst the rural beauties of \* \* \* \*

*Where joy and white-robed peace resort,  
And Venus keeps her festive court ;  
Where mirth and youth each evening meet,  
And lightly trip on nimble feet,  
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads ;  
Where laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads ;  
Where eccho walks steep hills among,  
Listening to the shepherd's song.*

*Ode to Fancy, by Mr. WHARTON.*

As I have now touched upon poetry, I could dwell with rapture on it's charms, which as much require the stillness of solitude to chaunt their praises, as a peaceful retirement to waken into harmony the pleasing enthusiasm of an inspired bard ; but noise and bustle attract my attention from that source of joy, that balm of woe, that opiate of spleen, and that lethe of care.

*More*

*More potent than the sybil's gold  
 That led Æneas, bold emprise,  
 When you, Calliope, unfold  
 Your laurel branch, each phantom flies!  
 Slow cares with heavy wings beat the dull air,  
 And dread, and pale-ey'd grief, and pain, and  
 black despair. — Pleasures of Poetry.*

CICERO in his elegant oration in defence of *Archias* has so admirably represented the pleasure resulting from the society of the muses, that I never read his description but I envy the poet his happiness, " *Hæc studia* (says he) *adolescenciam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis præfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*"

And yet this transcendant excellence ascribed to the study of poetry by the ROMAN ORATOR is greatly inferior to the power given to mighty verse by the polite and courtly HORACE, who endows it with the magic influence (if I may be allowed the expression) of appeasing the Pagan deities.

*Carminibus Dii superi placantur, Carminibus manes.*  
 Ep. i. Lib. ii.

This line suggests to my memory a little poetical trifle of a deceased friend in praise of poetry, which, as I know you reverence both



both his memory, and works, I send you in-  
closed. †

This

† *Ite splendentes, procul ite gaze!*

*Vosque regales tituli valete,*

*Phæbe sis præsens doceasque suaves*

*Fundere cantus.*

*Majus hoc nunquam meliusve donum*

*Incolis terræ dare fata norunt;*

*Ferreum quamvis refluant in ævum*

*Aurea secla.*

*Quid foret natus Thetidos marinæ*

*Musa si vatem eximium negasset;*

*Quid foret natus Priami tremendus*

*Inclitus Hector?*

*Hi sacris vivunt numeris Homeri,*

*Dum superborum tituli Tyrannum*

*Nocte velantur; quoniam canoro*

*Vate carebant.*

*Movit Amphion lapides, et Orpheus*

*Jussit auritas properare quercus;*

*Et feros nigri Cythara Tyrannos*

*Flexit averni.*

*Floret æternum numeris Poetæ*

*Fama justorum, et velut alter Orpheus*

*Laudibus dignum tenebris avari*

*Evocat Orci.*

This ode was composed by Mr. WILLIAM BROOME, late of  
St John's College, Cambridge, whose friendship was dear to our  
author, and whose death occasioned the irregular ode in the 5th  
page, which is an offering to his beloved memory.

This supernatural power of poetry, which is owing to an harmonious modulation of words, naturally suggests the kindred influence of musick, to which amazing effects are ascribed by the ancients; and though these are now scarce articles of belief, they are however made less fabulous by a modern discovery in physick, which cures by sympathy of sound the invenomed bite of the *Tarantula*: This medicinal virtue, methinks, would be a fine subject for an ode on St. Cecilia's day, and I am surprized that none of the poets who have celebrated that festival have so much as mentioned this extraordinary effect. So much for poetry and musick:

As you desired, I have been at both theatres to see the representation of *Romeo and Juliet*, which indeed is an excellent play, and admirably performed on both stages, but the preference in my opinion is due to *Covent-Garden*. Mr. BARRY is certainly the greatest *Romeo*, though Mr. GARRICK we perhaps must allow is the better player; but as the character is pathetic, that softness of voice and tenderness of expression, the distinguishing excellence of Mr. BARRY, makes him more *the thing*, than the passionate struggles and violent emotions of Mr. GARRICK. And as to *Juliet* all comparison is presumptuous, for every requisite to perfection give the superiority to Mrs. CIBBER.

T

I thought

I thought your objection to *Juliet's* rising from the tomb in all the elegance of dress extremely just, and could not help censuring the impropriety of it during the performance; but upon an attentive perusal of the play I found it justified in the following passage,

*Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes, uncovered, on the bier  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
Where all the kindred of the Cap'lets lie. —*

A. 4. S. 1.

'Tis now time, I think, to dismiss you, for I dare say both your patience and your eyes are wearied with reading; but the truth is, that when I sit down to write to you, my employment is so agreeable, I can scarce persuade myself to conclude.

SIR,



S I R,

I would readily gratify your request in entering the list of controversy in defence of Dr. RUTHERFORTH's *Essay on Virtue* against Mrs. COCKBURN's Examination, was I not persuaded that the work of that learned gentleman is superior to the impotent attack of his adversary's pamphlet. Besides, as I am convinced that the Dr. himself would exert a parental affection in defence of his own offspring, if he thought it injured, I should deem it presumption to wrest the bolt from his hand, or prevent the messenger of his resentment. However with you I dare combat for the palm of victory, as you have never openly spread the banners of dispute; and engage with every sanguine expectation of triumph, notwithstanding you plume yourself on your advantageous situation; and mock the impotency of our baffled force.

Like a judicious engineer you level your artillery against what you call our weakest battery, but through ill fortune thunder with every effort of your power against our strongest sinews of action. Such, alas! is the frailty of human foresight, which often betrays us from chimerical and imaginary hazards, into real and destructive dangers.

But, as a regular attack is more prudent than a precipitate storm, we'll martial our battalions on the plains of controversy, and fight, like the contending brothers of old, upon equal terms.

We argue, that every action performed on the theatre of life, ultimately tends in a view towards happiness; nor are we singular in this opinion, for the great Mr. POPE, whose authority bears no small weight, favours this hypothesis, and even extends it to larger dimensions, making it † the end and aim of our being, which not only comprehends the transactions, but even takes in the conceptions of our souls, that never break forth into corresponding acts. What validity this excellent moralist gives to our argument we submit to your candour, and only introduce him into the field of action to shew we have a *Corps de reserve* to second our attack upon any emergency. Nor do we depend upon Mr. POPE alone, but we can muster a troop of advocates of eminent and renowned reputation all armed cap-a-pie in defence of our cause.

The reason why we think every action intentional of happiness is from an nice attention to the process of the mind, which always

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† Ob ! Happiness ! — our being's end and aim. Essay on Man.

always aims at some particular goal as the completion of its wishes, and makes every other consideration subservient to this ruling inclination. Now experience demonstrates that the appetite of happiness is the strongest impulse in nature, and it is a fair logical conclusion, that every exertion of that impulse must bear a tendency to gratification; as it is mathematically true, that every cause is productive of similar effects. Thus, with regard to your own darling instance, which you think conclusively overturns our hypothesis, namely the affection of a parent to an infant, notwithstanding your assertion, it is certainly excited with a view to happiness; for though the infant cannot make immediate returns, yet a distant prospect of its gratitude, which is a natural affection, is undoubtedly expected by the parent as the consummation of his happiness.

Besides, were you even to adopt the opinion of the Stoics, and make every good action its own reward, what is it but in other words to say, you do so and so, because it brings its own reward, which reward is productive of your happiness.

Even to give your reasoning its greatest scope, in the remarkable instance of the enthusiast *Curtius*, who sacrificed his all, (supposing the ancients had no knowledge of a future state) in a precipitate leap into an



opening gulph for the good of his country, still like the needle it bears to the same point ; for, as patriotism was the ruling passion of the *Romans*, every remarkable example of it was recorded in fame, which to them was consummate happiness, and the actuating principle in the breast of *Curtius*.

Perhaps you may urge the beneficence of the avaritious, whose happiness being entirely centred in encreasing their wealth is diminished by every act of charity, to which they can expect no return from the objects they relieve. But pray, suppose they can expect no pecuniary return, is there no happiness resulting from charitable offices, and the reflection of having relieved the wants and distresses of their poor, miserable fellow-creatures. I believe upon a serious, and impartial consideration of the matter, you will find this fund of happiness sufficient for the extraordinary beneficence of the covetous, which, I am afraid seldom flows from your favorite disinterested motive.

As I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter, I will conclude for the present, till you give me reason to think the contrary, that our cause has a stronger claim to favour than yours, as being more deeply founded in nature, and at least more agreeable

agreeable to the present disposition of mankind.

If the reasonings in this letter are not entirely agreeable to the doctrines advanced in the Dr's work, I hope you will excuse them, as I have not read his Essay since I had the happiness of being a pupil under that learned gentleman, who is not only an honour to St. *John's College* in particular, but to the republic of letters in general.

T 4

SIR,

SIR,

SINCE my arrival in town much of my time has been engrossed in perusing those manuscripts you were pleased to intrust to my inspection, and of which you will now expect my opinion. I should have been glad you had not laid that injunction upon me, for the province of criticism is of too keen an air for my constitution, and by no means agreeable to that composure of mind so remarkably my desire! however, rather than disappoint your expectations, I will hazard a few remarks upon your friend's compositions, which shall meet with that candour recommended by Mr. POPE,

—— ——— *each finding, like a friend,  
Something to blame, and something to commend.*  
Art of Criticism.

The *Essay upon Tragedy*, generally speaking, is a masterly performance, and, if he had avoided a few *Nævos inspersos corpore pulchro*, had done honour to the author; but as some particular features are unequal to the beauty of others, they blemish and destroy the regular sublimity of the whole. In particular, I think his sentiments injudiciously refined, where he confines the poet in the choice of his hero, and allows him only the contracted theatre of sovereignty to range in, but utterly condemns



condemns every other fund of materials as beneath the pomp and grandeur of tragedy. 'Tis enough to appeal to experience upon this head, which loudly confutes his *Utopian* reasonings, for many of our best tragedies are drawn from common life, which generally speaking are as great ornaments to the stage, and as exalted productions of the drama, as any it can boast. All that can be urged in defence of his opinion is, that, as any unusual phenomenon in the heavens is apt to surprize us more than the nocturnal appearance of the stars, so the distresses of royalty, because removed from vulgar eyes, generally excite greater emotions, than the more familiar misfortunes of inferior life. But this is by no means a sufficient vindication of his plea, for it is not enough that tragedy surprizes, greater and more extensive views employ the poet's attention, and make that only a subordinate effect of his genius.

I can by no means agree with his assertion, that it is necessary to the perfection of the drama — that the catastrophe be wound up in the death of the hero, — which he urges ought to be effected by surprizing and undreamt of accidents to engage the attention, and rouse the passions of the audience. In my opinion the effect is greater, at least it is more pleasing, when we see a great and good man, (and such only should be dignified with

with the title of Hero) struggling with a tempest of misfortunes, and after bravely combating the storm, rising superior to it's malice, and triumphing by the essential merit of his own greatness. This, as it is an happy result, which every one wishes, will not fail to surprize and transport the audience; who, if they have any fellow-feeling at all, will, as they shared in his misfortunes, rejoyce and sympathise in his prosperity. I am aware that custom may be urged against me, which bears so powerful an ascendancy over men as to influence all their opinions, which gives (as *Seneca* † justly observes) “reputation from frequency, and makes error itself appear right, when it has the public sanction;” for many of our dramatic writers are fond of shedding blood, and generally alarm the theatre with the agonies and groans of death, which indeed are calculated to raise horror, but will never awaken the soft emotions of the soul, and therefore fall short of the principal design of tragedy; but custom in this instance, cannot, as in most other particulars, give a sanction, since credentials of merit must be determined by nature, which is the only judge in such cases.

His sentiments in regard to morality I entirely subscribe to; for, through the whole thread

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† *Honestius putamus quod frequentius; Recti apud Nos locum tenet Error, ubi publicus factus.*

thread of the drama, that should be religiously observed, not only to give dignity and authority to the characters, but improvement and instruction to the audience. Nay in many cases morality is a source of the most refined entertainment, for it relieves our attention from tedious relations, and uninteresting adventures, by awakening the powers of contemplation into serious and important reflections.

His reasonings in regard to the language are of the least moment, though he dwells upon it as of the utmost importance, and makes it the fundamental concern of the author. To wave this particular, which every one must see is erroneous, I am greatly surprized that so judicious a critic permits the tragic muse to be fettered in the cramping manacles of rhyme, which he thinks entirely compatible with her nature. How ill adapted this sort of verse is to the bold aspirings of tragedy every one sees in some instances left us by DRYDEN and LEE, who with all their enthusiasm are cold, and insipid, when restrained by these fetters of genius, and at best but barely tolerable versifiers. A daring and uncontrouled fire is the essential attribute of tragedy, which spurns the narrow limits of art, and boldly soars into the extensive domain of fancy, where, like the priestess of the *Delphic God*,

— *She*



~~She pours without controul~~  
~~The pleasing frenzy raging in her soul.~~

So much for tragedy. As to the *Essay upon Delicacy*, I have little more to do than admire it; for through the whole both in his sentiments and diction he is, like LONGINUS, an example of his subject. The hint taken from painting is superlatively ingenious, and would have mocked all the faculties of admiration, had he heightened the perspective by a distant prospect of a village wafting the grateful incense of it's evening ejaculations on the circling Volumes of ascending smoke. The use he makes of *Thames*, in personating and introducing him into the assembly of the muses, sciences, and graces, doing homage to the Goddess of *Delicacy*, is extremely fine, and scarce inferior to any beauty of ancient or modern production. The delicacy with which he touches characters in life is like that of the most remarkably soft operators in surgery; for the tenderest probe is used in investigating the sores, and the nicest skill exerted in healing them over. In short, I am so enamoured of this essay, that I could dwell with rapture on its excellency, but as I am sensible you are no stranger to it's beauties, and as time at present is precious to me, I must conclude my letter, by assuring you how much, I am, Sir, yours, &c.

S I R,

S I R,

WHEN I sit down to write to you I foresee the necessity of a long letter; which, as it is owing chiefly to your own commands, I presume, requires an apology on my part. It is a difficult, or at least a disagreeable office, to gratify your first request, which lays me under the necessity either of exposing my own weakness, or questioning the taste of Mr. ADDISON, in the preference he has given the Roman poets above those of all other nations in his Dissertation *De insignioribus Romanorum Poetis*. But, as there is more friendship in hazarding my own judgment, than in not complying with the request of my friend, I will venture to send you my sentiments of the matter, begging, as a reciprocal favour, that you will oblige me with your remarks, and in the mean time treat this brat of your own begetting with your usual candour.

I will give you my reasons. Though we meet with innumerable excellences in his favourite VIRGIL; yet I cannot help thinking, that in one, and that a very distinguishing perfection in epic poetry, he falls greatly inferior to HOMER, namely, in variety of character. And by the way, though Mr. ADDISON in the beginning of the dissertation before us expressly determines — *Omnium, in re poeticâ,*  
maxime

*maxime inclaruerunt Romani, et Romanorum VIRGILIUS*; yet in another composition intitled, *A Discourse on antient and modern Learning*, he acknowledges this deficiency in VIRGIL, and owns the superiority of HOMER. How far this defect, which indeed is of great moment in an epic poem, degrades VIRGIL in the temple of fame, I submit to your determination, but for my part I think it uncontestedly obvious that the Greek challenges the bays as the undoubted right of his superior merit.

Our own countryman MILTON too I judge superior in this respect, for in variety of character he is certainly unrivaled; varying every lineament with a peculiar stroke, which, like the golden ray in the paintings of Titian, betrays it's master's hand. In describing courage, for instance, he does not like VIRGIL, in different heroes make it identical, as

— *Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*, but describes one couragious with prudence, and another impetuously headstrong. And in other characters the same variety prevails.

Nor do I think VIRGIL second in heroic poetry alone, but in my opinion he is greatly surpassed in pastoral by the Greek THEOCRITUS. In VIRGIL'S eclogues there is a purity of stile, and refinement of sentiment not entirely agreeable to the manner of shepherds; but in the Grecian such an air of simplicity in both  
diction



diction and sentiment universally prevails, with a beautiful mixture of dialects, that the speeches are purely pastoral, and such as we should naturally expect from the mouths of shepherds.

We have some pastorals in our own language wrote by Mr. *Philips*, which in this particular indeed are superior to VIRGIL, but, as there are several very flagrant errors in them, I don't know whether he is to be allowed a competitor for fame with either of these illustrious authors. Mr. POPE has greatly erred in this kind of writing, his pastorals being rather the conversation of courtiers than the simple discourses of illiterate, and innocent peasants; but as his were the playful wantonnesses of a juvenile genius, their little blots and blemishes are easily lost in the radiant effulgence of his other perfections.

The wreath of pastoral excellence is certainly due to our countryman SPENCER, who in sentiment, diction, and manner has undoubtedly given us the representation of the *Golden Age*, from whence we must date the birth of pastoral. Nor must it be forgot, that the pastoral wrote in the *Scot's* language, intitled the *Gentle Shepherd*, is in this species of composition a very masterly performance; but as it's beauties are almost confined to the understings of one sett of people, it has not an opportunity of meeting with the universal applause it deserves.

Such

Such is my opinion in regard to that part of the Essay before us, which you desired my sentiments of; and though in other respects I concur with you in admiring Mr. ADDISON's perfections, yet I cannot help thinking from the few criticisms above, that he is certainly wrong in preferring VIRGIL to all other writers whatever. Indeed in his *Georgics*, I believe, he may claim the palm, but however not with that vast superiority Mr. ADDISON would make us imagine, having some very spirited competitors in the field of glory, who perhaps only want maturity to mellow their brow, and make them equally illustrious in the eyes of the judicious. Of other matters I shall write in a short time, but at present by a multiplicity of affairs must omit gratifying your curiosity, which undoubtedly will chide my neglect, and impute the defect to my laziness and indolence. 12

I AM,

SIR,

YOURS, &c.

FINIS.

